BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1940

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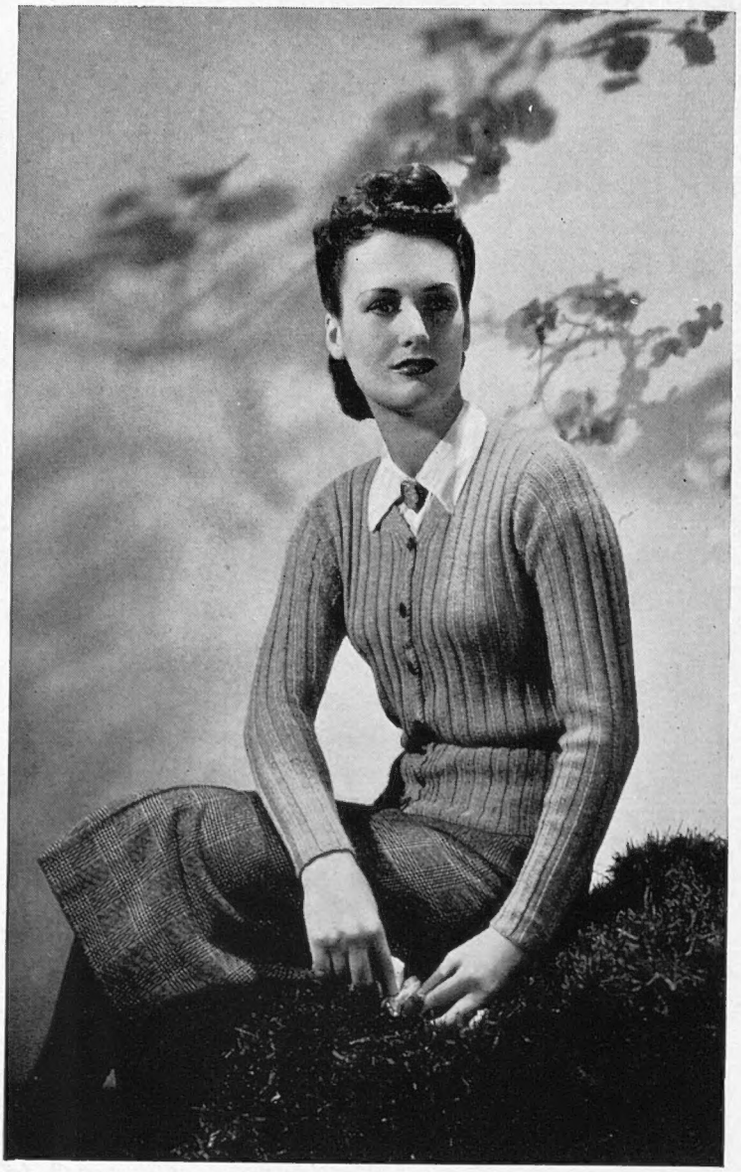

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 21, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1940

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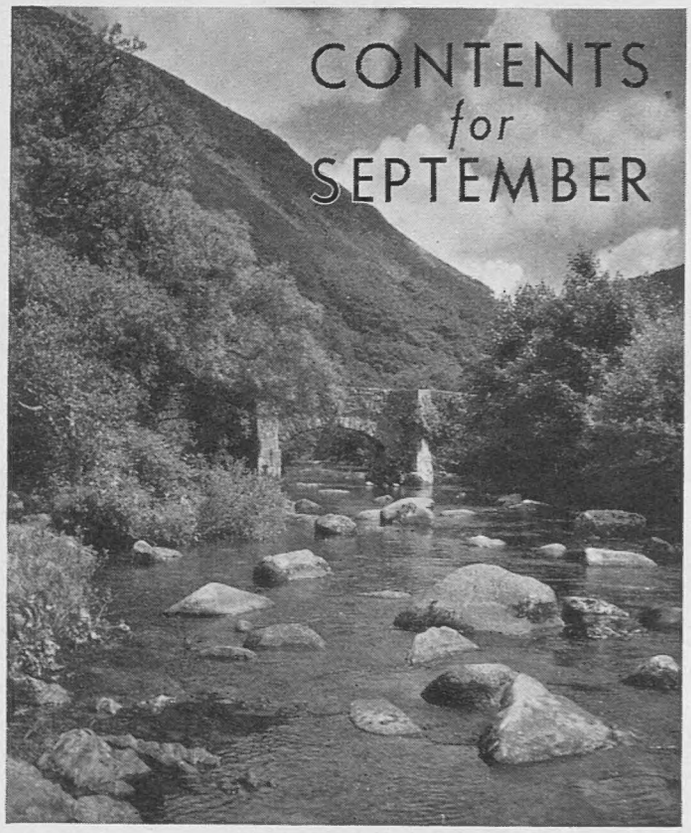

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 73. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

The girl who says "and Schweppes is mine"

You'd hardly call a Philistine

Decisive Battles of the World

The Turks capture the capital of the Roman Eastern Empire and maintain themselves in Europe for 500 years

The Battle of Constantinople, A.D. 1453

AT Constantinople, in the spring of 1453, the Asiatic warriors broke into Europe, and established an empire astride the trade routes to the East; and when they brought the eastern empire to an end, they forced European man to look beyond the western ocean for new worlds to conquer.

The Romans had endured for eleven centuries when Constantine reorganised the huge empire they had won into an eastern and a western part, and, in A.D. 329, moved the imperial capital nearer to the centre of gravity, the great port city of Byzantium, renamed then Constantinople. During the next 150 years the western empire was hammered to pieces by barbarian horde armies, but the eastern bastion held out, preserving Roman civilisation for another thousand years.

Constantine XI was Emperor when Sultan Muhammad II came sailing up the Dardanelles. Four years earlier he had succeeded his brother, John VI, who had held the fort for twenty-three years. The Turks had menaced the city for a century. They were a fighting tribe who had come out of the east in the train of Ghengis Khan, and remained with his grandson, Hulagu, who founded a new kingdom near Nicæa. Othman, their leader, organised a formidable new fighting force, the Janissaries, and sent them to fight as mercenaries in the wars of south-east Europe. Thus the Turks learnt of the weakness of the Europeans, riven by the irreconcilable religious differences between Latin and Greek, ravaged by wars and plagues; and saw that a kingdom was theirs for the taking.

Under Bayazid, their third Sultan, they ravaged Thrace, and came to the walls of Constantinople. Bayazid's grandson smashed the Hungarians in two battles, but found Constantinople too tough a nut to crack. Thirty years later his grandson, Muhammad II—his mother was an Albanian slave—took up the ancestral struggle. He was a man of ferocious energy and determination, and by now the Turkish generals grasped the nature of the military problem. They came organised and equipped; and they adroitly secured their flanks and rear from the Greeks and Hungarians by making a truce with the one, and knocking out the other in war.

Muhammad arrived opposite Constantinople on April 5, 1453. He had 300 warships, 180,000 soldiers, a dozen great bombards each handled by an immense ox team and 200 men—the first heavy siege train in history. Constantine had only 8,000 fighting men, but he had a doughty commander in the famous condottiere, Justiniani, and the city's defences were tremendous—nine miles of sea walls between the Golden Horn, the Acropolis, and the Golden Gate, land walls forty feet high with outer walls twenty-five feet high, and a forty-foot moat fifteen feet deep, and a great chain with wood baulks to bar the Golden Horn harbour at its opening on the Bosphorus. Further, the besieger could not maintain himself indefinitely before Constantinople.

Muhammad tried to mine the walls, but was counter-mined. He hurled masses of men against the walls. They broke under the storm from the defenders' catapults, bows, wall guns, arquebuses, boiling oil vats, and Greek fire pots. The huge guns smashed monotonously at the walls. Each took two hours to load, and could only fire six or seven times a day, but they heaved gigantic stone shots weighing half a ton, and breaches began to appear in the walls. These the defenders filled with stockades.

ON May 29, at 2 a.m., Muhammad launched his final assault, throwing his main force against the St. Romanus gate, while his fleet kept the sea walls under fire. In the desperate mêlée, a small force of Turks managed to penetrate the outer defences, and take the wall defenders in flank. They pushed on, and in, and reached the centre of the city. Rumour spread that the city had fallen, the defenders wavered, and then all was confusion, fire and slaughter, as the Turkish horde poured in. The conqueror, entering the Church of St. Sophia, had a priest dedicate it to Allah.

Muhammad drove farther into Europe, was repulsed from Serbia, overran Croatia, besieged Rhodes, extended his empire from the Danube to the Adriatic, and was planning to cross that narrow sea and conquer the Italian peninsula, when death overtook him. But for the next five hundred years the Turks maintained themselves in Europe; and when at last their empire fell, there also crashed down, into the night of history, the great empires of the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs.

Uncle Sam

ALARMED as the Hitlerian horde overruns Europe, menaces Britain with destruction and her world empire with break-up, and threatens to invade the Western Hemisphere and gather the 88,000,000 people of the twenty American republics into the Nazi net, Uncle Sam is hastily girding his loins.

It is a considerable girding, as befits a giant.

A two - million - ton, two - ocean navy. Fifty thousand warplanes. The man-power and machine-power of the world's biggest economic organism. A "Big Seven," headed by the two leading industrial organisers, Edward Stettinius of U.S. Steel, the world's largest industrial organisation, and Bill Knudson, head of General Motors, the world's greatest mass-production combine, to handle production for war. The money power provided by £5,000,000,000 of gold, and a banking system which can increase its investments and loans by £6,000,000,000 without strain. A blue-print for universal government (the Americans dislike the term "military") service.

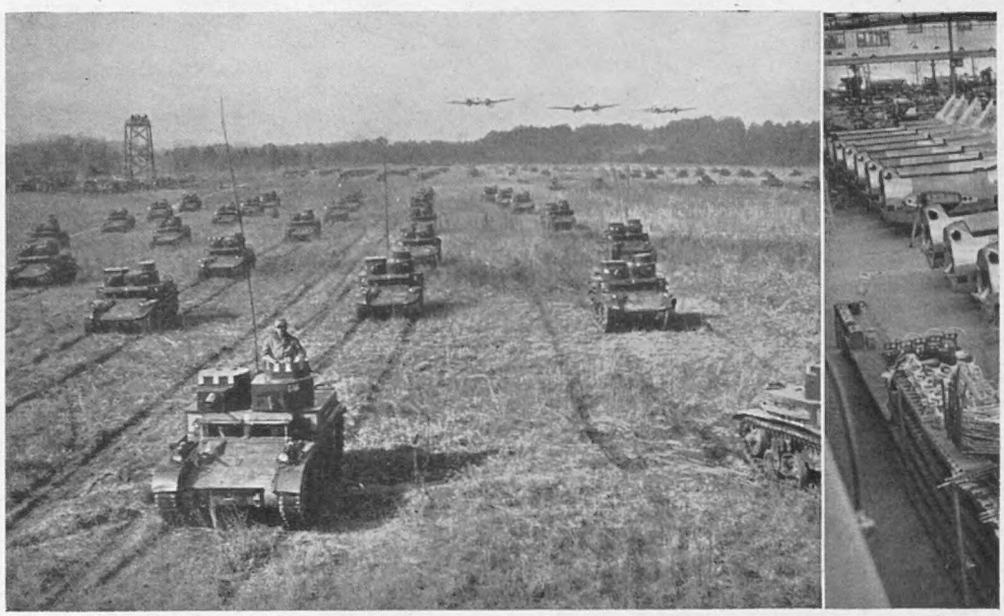
All that remains now is for the vast American programme to be realised. And that is another story. Glance at its outlines, looking beyond impressive façades.

You can gauge something of the time gap between conception and execution—the first thing that meets the eye—by noting what an American commentator said last June about the new Navy. Regretting that the Senate had stopped Roosevelt sending twenty-three old destroyers and mine-sweepers over to Britain, and that 700,000 old Lee-Enfield rifles which the British had been counting on had also been withheld at the last moment, he hoped the Nazis would not have won the war, and gained possession of the British Fleet, 20,000,000 tons of British merchant shipping and Britain's naval bases, before Uncle Sam can get his 200 new warships launched.

It is going to take seven years to build that new two-ocean navy in America's eighty-eight private and nineteen naval yards. The keel of the *Iowa*, the 45,000-ton £20,000,000 super-battleship (first of four, each mounting nine sixteen-inch guns in triple turrets) was laid in July. It will not be ready to fight until 1943.

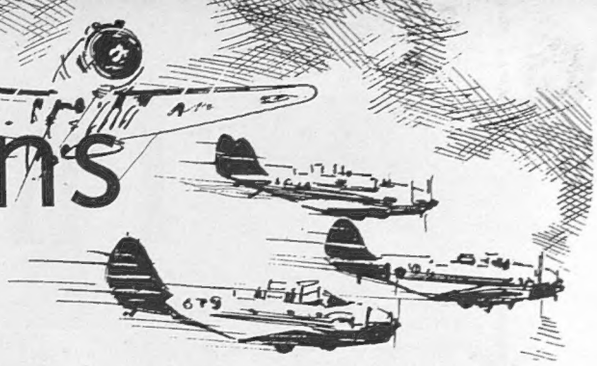
WILD ideas of America's immediate capacity to produce aircraft have been spread by sensational journalism—plus Lord Beaverbrook's announcement, of July 25 last, about arrangements to get 3,000 warplanes a month from the U.S. The Aircraft Production Minister did not say when; but the day after the announcement the New York correspondent of the Beaverbrook *Daily Express* cabled a story which quoted U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, in a confirmatory role, and mentioned "3,000 planes a month for England alone by the beginning of January 1941." This cable story began: "In five months from now 100 warplanes destined for the bases of the R.A.F. in England will be ready for shipment at the end of every working day in America's vast aircraft industry." A hundred a day is 36,500 a year.

Millions of people read, and believed this. An American friend of mine asked me to get it officially denied. He said: "It can't be done, and it will damage Anglo-American relations. Millions of Britishers will start to ask around January next year: 'Where are those swarms of planes Uncle Sam promised us?



Six battalions of American tanks shown in formation at Fort Benning, Georgia. In the new armament programme the number of tanks is to be rapidly increased from 507 to 1,136

Girds his Loins



An insight into the Armament Problems that beset the U.S.A.

By C. Patrick Thompson

The Yankees have let us down again!'"

But fortunately Bill Knudson saw it that way, too, and talked quickly, and precisely. He is responsible for America's war production : Stettinius sees that the raw materials flow smoothly and in quantity from source to factory. The aforesaid correspondent had said that America's aircraft production capacity is a "military secret," but Knudson, on July 26, gave the figure of 895 for August 1940 — all aircraft except smaller commercial machines. Of that lot, Britain would get 236 planes and America 396.

BY October, the 895 output would be "considerably increased." Knudson stated that the Beaverbrook 3,000-a-month plan would necessitate construction of thirty-eight new factories for manufacture of engines, parts, accessories and final assembly. He estimated production at the 3,000-a-month rate *could not be achieved before mid-1942.* And Knudson ought to know. He is Uncle Sam's war production man.

The hard fact is that you cannot turn out warplanes like sausages from a machine : and even if you could, you have to build the sausage machine first : and that, when it comes to a complex mechanism like a warplane, is a gigantic job in itself —making the machines to produce the war machines. No good is going to be done anybody in this world war by optimistic chat which paints a picture of swarms of war machines and equipment suddenly charmed out of nothing by the mere energetic waving of money wands.

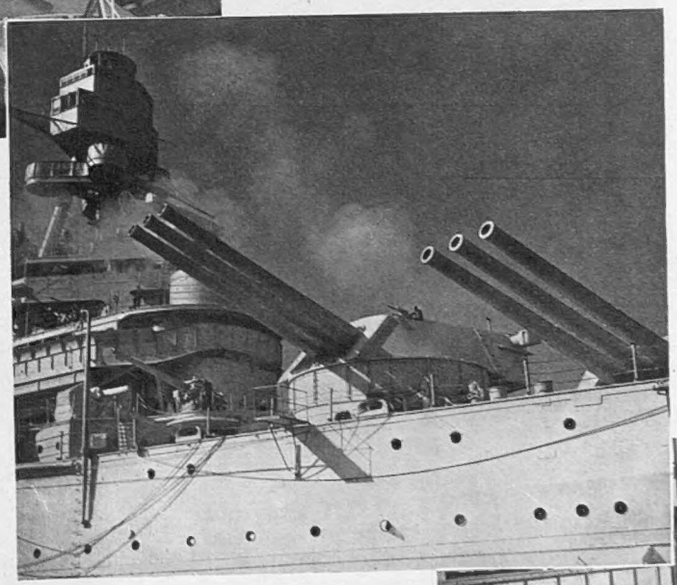
The Americans will get their own production, of 50,000 a year, and the British - needed production, of 36,000 a year— in time, and only if Britain fights a successful bulldog holding battle while the machine-building progresses and expands. The American aircraft industry does not yet warrant the term "vast." It employs around 100,000 workers. A 50,000-a-year output would mean a sevenfold increase in this labour force, apart from pilots and workers to service the swarms of planes.

American experts get their estimate of American needs, 50,000 warplanes, by their estimate of Germany's current air fleet strength, plus her production capacity. They credit the Germans with 12,000 warplanes, and an integrated industry with a capacity of 1,500 a month, rising to a peak of 3,000—if they can get the materials. Incidentally, they have been so short of instruments that in some cases only one in six machines is fully equipped : the other five follow the leader. They can't train 3,000 pilots a month. The airfield task is going to be a test of American energy and organising power. Out of a total 2,174 airfields, only 200 are suitable for military purposes; and the U.S. Army (Uncle Sam has no separate air force) has only eighty-four of its own.

John Bull has had three war ministers since the war with Germany started : and he's still busy organising and reorganising his army. Uncle Sam's army is about where Britain's was before the Hore-Belisha phase. One reserve officer, who is also a publicist, blasted it last July as run by "old dotards," and under a system "stupid to the point of being murderous." Britons are familiar with the symptoms ! These things always happen in a non-military nation when the army is wakened from its long sleep between wars.

The U.S. Army is in no state to fight even a minor local war. It will not be adequately weaponed and equipped until 1942, and then it will not—under national defence plans so far—be much larger than the one (*Continued on page 72*)

The fuselage assembling section of the North American Aviation plant at Inglewood, California. By 1942 the American Navy will have 5,500 planes and the Army 11,000



Flagship of the United States Navy. The U.S.S. *Pennsylvania.* The Americans are now increasing the Navy personnel by 39,630 and in 1947 will have twenty-five battleships against the present fifteen

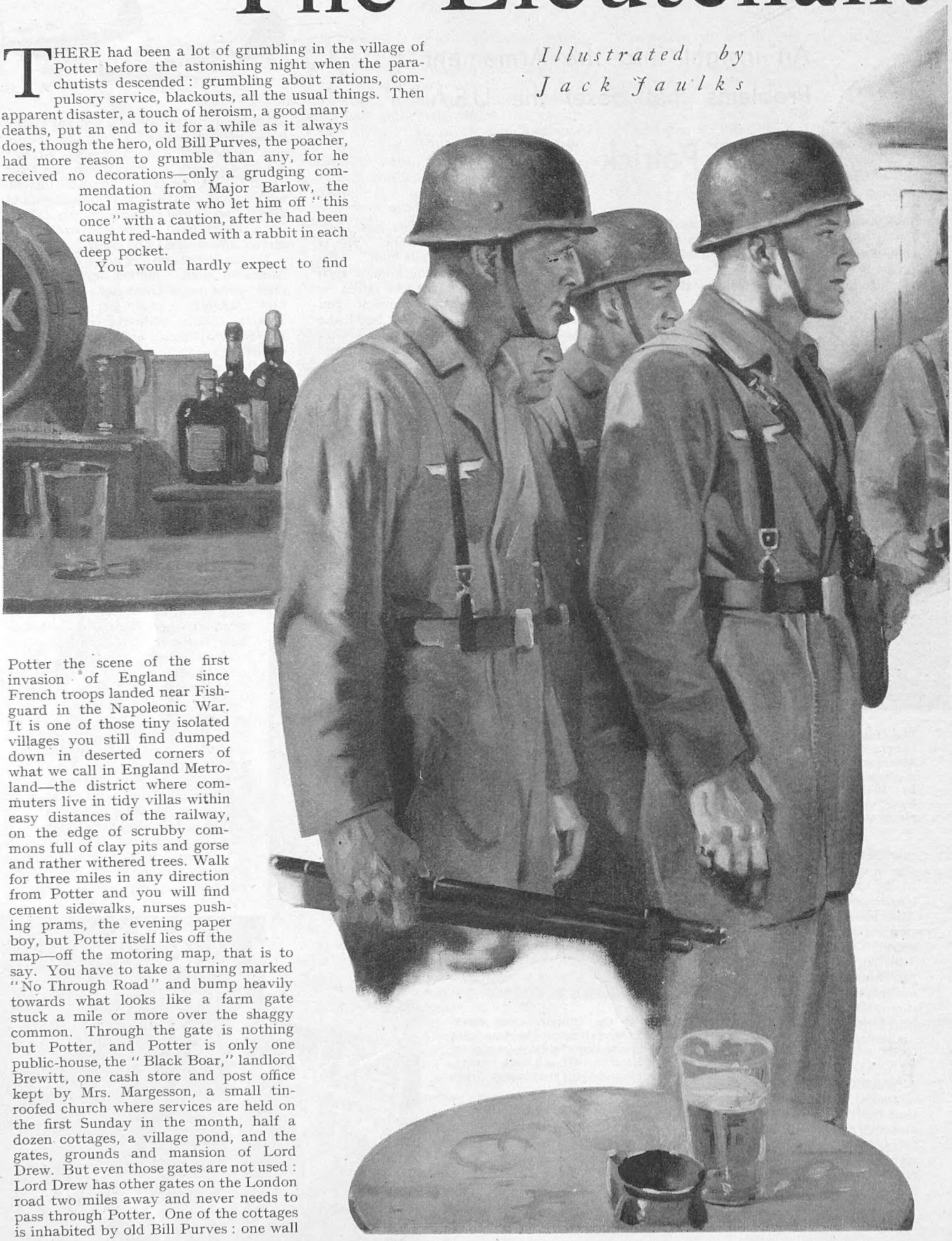
Speeding up armament equipment to make the United States aggressor-proof. A view of one of the numerous workshops at the Washington Navy Yard where the big guns are manufactured

The Lieutenant

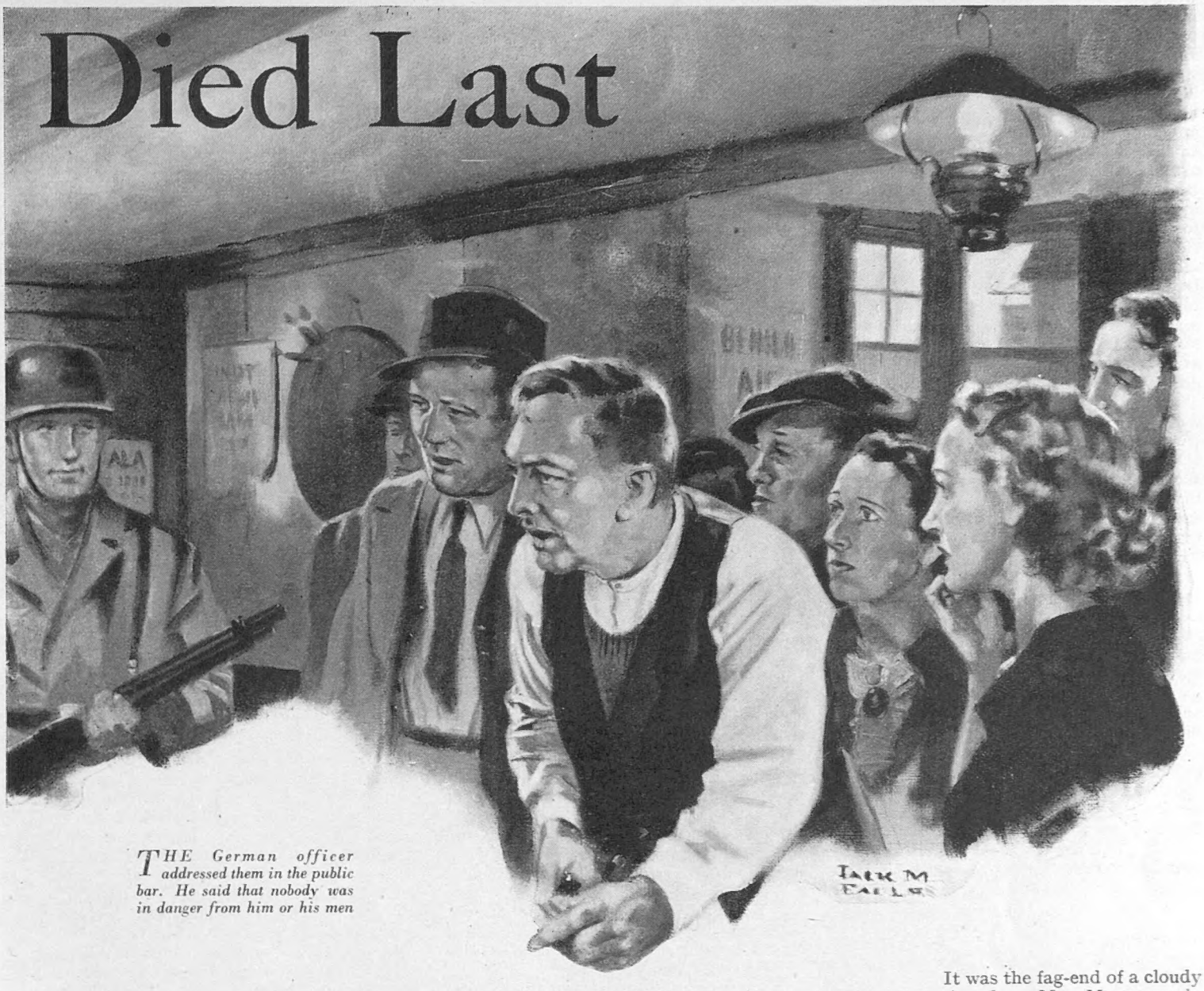
Illustrated by Jack Faulks

THERE had been a lot of grumbling in the village of Potter before the astonishing night when the parachutists descended: grumbling about rations, compulsory service, blackouts, all the usual things. Then apparent disaster, a touch of heroism, a good many deaths, put an end to it for a while as it always does, though the hero, old Bill Purves, the poacher, had more reason to grumble than any, for he received no decorations—only a grudging commendation from Major Barlow, the local magistrate who let him off "this once" with a caution, after he had been caught red-handed with a rabbit in each deep pocket.

You would hardly expect to find Potter the scene of the first invasion of England since French troops landed near Fishguard in the Napoleonic War. It is one of those tiny isolated villages you still find dumped down in deserted corners of what we call in England Metroland—the district where commuters live in tidy villas within easy distances of the railway, on the edge of scrubby commons full of clay pits and gorse and rather withered trees. Walk for three miles in any direction from Potter and you will find cement sidewalks, nurses pushing prams, the evening paper boy, but Potter itself lies off the map—off the motoring map, that is to say. You have to take a turning marked "No Through Road" and bump heavily towards what looks like a farm gate stuck a mile or more over the shaggy common. Through the gate is nothing but Potter, and Potter is only one public-house, the "Black Boar," landlord Brewitt, one cash store and post office kept by Mrs. Margesson, a small tin-roofed church where services are held on the first Sunday in the month, half a dozen cottages, a village pond, and the gates, grounds and mansion of Lord Drew. But even those gates are not used: Lord Drew has other gates on the London road two miles away and never needs to pass through Potter. One of the cottages is inhabited by old Bill Purves: one wall



Died Last



THE German officer addressed them in the public bar. He said that nobody was in danger from him or his men

No one Missed the old Poacher—and the old Poacher Missed none of the Parachutists

By Graham Greene

has been repaired with petrol tins and when the door opens smoke blows out into Potter. He is said to sleep on a bed of rags, but nobody but the local policeman has ever visited him there, and the window is obscured by sacking. Three or four times a year—usually on bank holidays—old Bill Purves visits the "Black Boar," buys a bottle of whisky and disappears for twenty-four hours. It was suspected, but never known for certain before the parachutists came, that old Purves slipped on those occasions into Lord Drew's grounds, laid his traps and lay out all day and night with his bottle—he never seemed to know what cold was, any more than an animal, and he was rather like an animal himself —something grey and fleeting that you see for a moment shambling between hedges. His coat stuck out as if he were a scarecrow on a stick because he carried an old Mauser rifle under his coat, for which he had never paid a licence.

That was the odd scene of the "invasion," though if you examined Potter carefully you may conclude that it was not an accident that the parachutists landed there. Potter itself could be isolated by a few snips of a wire cutter, and from that little hidden spot in Metroland half a dozen men acting quickly could do an astonishing amount of damage—a mile and a half across unfrequented common and you had the main line to Scotland and the northern coast, and one supposes that the German air chiefs had planned a number of such attempts which our air defences foiled. Their psychological effect might have been incalculable: they would have destroyed the sense of security Englishmen still feel, the security which allows them to grumble. Look at the effect on Potter.

We are a small island and there isn't a village anywhere which isn't accustomed to the sound of aeroplane engines. The plane they heard in the "Black Boar" was flying fairly low—perhaps 3,000 feet, but there was nothing out of the ordinary in that.

It was the fag-end of a cloudy spring day. Mrs. Margesson in the cash stores had just closed the post office counter because it was six-thirty; the shop remained open for general goods till eight, and the lean man who was Lord Drew's undergardener was criticising the beer in the public bar. "It's the war they tell you," he said bitterly. "Everything's the war." There wasn't a man left in any of the cottages; they were all in the public bar except old Purves, and the women were washing up the supper things.

OLD Purves with his coat sticking queerly out and a bottle of whisky in his deep poacher's pocket was skirmishing along by Lord Drew's wall among the high nettles. The gamekeeper had sworn to get him and he wasn't taking any chances. He was the only one to see the parachutists descend.

He looked up under his old grey brows with a kind of angry astonishment as a number of men suddenly appeared in mid-air under things like enormous parasols. He didn't know what they were; he only had a feeling they were best avoided. "It didn't seem right," he said afterwards; he meant that it didn't seem fair, people peeping at you like that out of the sky. That was all he saw for a long time because just at that moment he found the weak point in Lord Drew's

wall. The men were in uniform — for their own protection, one supposes; otherwise they would have been liable to the death penalty as non-combatants, but their uniforms caused no immediate astonishment in Potter, because we are so used in these days to uniforms: what with A.F.S. and A.R.P. and all the other initial letters we are prepared for any uniform, even a German uniform. Mrs. Brewitt saw them at work on the telegraph and telephone wires and thought they were something to do with the Post Office. Only her son, who was sixteen and, alas! for him, knowledgeable, said they were Germans. "Nonsense!" Mrs. Brewitt said.

Mrs. Margesson in the cash stores hardly looked up when the officer came in. He carried a large scale map of the district and had a revolver at his belt. His steel helmet made her think, "manœuvres." She said promptly, "The post office is closed," because she didn't think he looked like a shop customer. He said, "Madam," and that struck her as foreign: a Frenchman or a Pole, she thought: he was a young man, very fair, and his uniform was very muddy; he sounded nervous and preoccupied. She smiled, "Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Please," he said, "go at once to the inn."

"The inn?"

"Yes. You must go at once. Every one must go."

"I don't understand."

He said with embarrassment as though he were making a rather absurd claim, "I am a German officer and this village is occupied by my men."

With great presence of mind Mrs. Margesson picked up the shop telephone and dialled a police call. The young man made no attempt to stop her. She could at once tell why—the wires had been cut. At that moment through the window she saw Driver, the village constable, being impelled down the road towards the "Black Boar" by two men in uniform; he had probably been digging in his garden as he was in his shirt sleeves.

More or less the same scene took place all over the village. Everybody who was not already at the "Black Boar" was rounded up and persuaded, pushed or even carried there. The Germans were determined that nobody should leave the village and carry the alarm, but they missed young Brewitt who had hidden in the outside lavatory and, of course, old Purves.

THE German officer addressed them in the public bar. He told them that nobody was in danger from him or his men; all they had to do was keep quiet. The gamekeeper who had been caught hunting old Purves and had a black eye, said in a loud voice, "It's a scandal." The German officer paid him no attention. He went on to warn them that any attempt to escape would be fatal; he said frankly, "Our chance depends on none of you getting away," and that reference to a chance—for what chance had a dozen Germans planked down in the middle of England?—suggests that they had a desperate hope they might be picked up again by plane before their presence was discovered. He said, "You will be closely guarded and any attempt to escape will mean death." He added with a note of entreaty, "You've only to remain quiet for a few hours."

All this time, of course, old Purves had been comfortably curled up just inside Lord Drew's wall. He knew that the house was shut up and the only possible interference would be the gamekeeper or the policeman. The policeman was digging and would be too tired later to prowl: as for the gamekeeper old Purves despised him. He set a couple of traps, loaded his gun, opened the bottle of whisky and began to drink: he always calculated that a little drink improved his aim, and he had high hopes of a bird or two that evening. He was disturbed by a shot: his first feeling was indignation rather than curiosity. Lord Drew was away: a shot meant a rival poacher. He took another long drink, hid the bottle where he could find it again in a hole in the clay bank, and then peeped over the broken stones of the wall. To his astonishment he saw young Brewitt running and zigzagging down the road that led out of the village to the gate and afterwards to the main road.

What had happened was this. Young Brewitt, who had a romantic mind, remained convinced that what he had seen was actually a party of German soldiers cutting the telephone wires. He even guessed how they had arrived. The romantic mind found no difficulty in the idea. So he hid. He would probably have remained hidden if one of the Germans who had a tidy soul hadn't wanted to visit the lavatory. He pulled open the door and young Brewitt darted out like a rat; the soldier was taken by surprise and let him get a start. He shouted and young Brewitt ran the faster: other soldiers ran out of the inn and one of them fired and missed. It suddenly became very essential to get him. Three men waited with their guns raised until he should reach the gate.

So to his amazement old Purves watched the astonishing behaviour of young Brewitt. The boy leapt and zigzagged down the road; then he came to the gate and scrabbled desperately at the catch; three rifles went off together and young Brewitt fell. "The bloody Bojers," Purves said aloud, the old brain creaking rustily back forty years to South Africa and an ambush on the veldt.

Young Brewitt wasn't dead: they had fired, humanely, at his legs; but he was crippled for life. He shared with Purves the heroic events of that evening, but there were always some who said that he had intended to hide all night in the lavatory. About old Purves's movements and intentions there was no doubt at all.

He first of all unearthed the whisky bottle, took a long drink and hid it again; then he had a look at his traps and then he sidled like a ferret out of Lord Drew's grounds into the high nettles. He slid among them crouching, his chin protected by a two week's beard: he had got his gun out from under his coat—the old Mauser rifle that went back like his memory forty years to another war: it was as if 1914 to 1918 were an interlude he had hardly noticed at all.

Young Brewitt had been carried back into the "Black Boar" and two men had been left on guard. The rest with the lieutenant now set off across the common towards the railway line, carrying picks and crowbars, their rifles slung; two carried a box between them. Old Purves working his way, like a "bloody Bojer" himself, from gorse bush to gorse bush, followed. The sun was setting over by Fenham Heath station three miles away; it shone just over the curve of the

He took aim rather wildly and fired. For a moment it was as if the end of the world had come blasting up against the truck which sheltered him

horizon on the last prams going home, on the circulating library where the Vicar's wife was changing her detective story, and on the little stream of commuters back from town, carrying attaché cases. That was a quiet, orderly, conventional world to which neither old Purves nor his quarry belonged: they were united out of sight but hardly out of hearing in a common spirit of wildness, vindictiveness, adventure. Old Purves gave an odd little chuckle as he bobbed quickly out of sight behind a gorse bush.

He knew the common, of course, as well as he knew Lord Drew's estate, and at first he thought, because of the tools they carried, which he could not see clearly in the darkening air, that they were bound for the gravel pit, dry and abandoned twenty years ago, a hundred yards from the railway line. A miniature one-track line connected it with a disused siding, and an old steel truck lay on its side, tipped off the rail. But the Bojers passed that by, clambering up the embankment on to the line beyond. Old Purves, worming his way along towards the gravel pit, thought they were a beautiful sight, outlined like that against the sky. They had left their rifles, all but two men, in the bushes below the embankment, so that they could slide quickly and inconspicuously down if a train appeared—on that long stretch of rail you could see an engine's steam two miles away. Now four of them bent and pulled and worked at the rails, two followed the lieutenant further down the line with the box, and two stood rather slackly on guard, watching the empty waste of common and the up and down line.

They never saw old Purves get down into the gravel pit. He scrabbled up to the edge, where a bush hid him, and got a line on one of the armed guards—the unarmed ones could wait. With a man's body clear against the sight, old Purves chuckled. It was like youth again: all sorts of sly memories came back, of nurses at Pretoria and drinking evenings in Jo'burg. He pulled the trigger and before the shattering explosion of the ancient rifle could clear, the man was down, holding his stomach with both hands: his rifle toppled over the embankment and rolled.

It was like one of those trick films that suddenly stop (*Continued on p.* 60)

Aces

Getting ready for another fight. Loading up a belt of ammunition for a "Spitfire's" machine-guns at an R.A.F. Fighter Command depot

A fitter at work on a Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engine. His responsibility is the overhaul, repair, and testing of every kind of aero-engine

WHEN historians come to chronicle the early stages of this war, we can be confident that eloquence will not be lacking to record the heroic exploits of our fighting men confronted by the mightiest and most ruthless military machine ever seen since the days of Napoleon. Full meed of tribute will be paid to the minesweepers who set out to brave the magnetic mine and other fiendish devices; to the officers and men of the Royal Navy who cleared our vital trade-routes of ruthless enemy raiders; to the Allied Armies who had to contend with swarms of enemy bombers, parachutists and sabotage squads. But the most glowing pages will assuredly be devoted to that sturdy "baby" of the Forces, the R.A.F. Even in the darkest hours of this war we have been heartened by exploits in the air that put defeatists to shame and showed the Nazis that every inch of air-space would be hotly contested.

Our pilots, battling against forces superior only in numbers, have shown skill and courage beyond even the wildest hopes. Time and again it has been proved that our pilots, gunners and observers are superior to the Nazi personnel. And even the enemy would admit that the performance of our machines is second to none.

But it is well to remember that our air strength is founded not only on A.1 pilots and aircraft. Without our ground-crews the whole structure of the R.A.F. would collapse. It is so easy to forget that the work of ten aircraftmen has been concentrated upon the bomber before it taxis across the aerodrome, with its 1000-h.p. engines pounding rhythmically in the wings. A knot of men in dungarees watch it critically as the wheels leave the ground and the 'plane makes formation with the other machines that have just taken off for a long-range raid upon enemy objectives. The men walk slowly back to their workshops. That 'plane is *their* particular responsibility; the pilot's life and that of his crew is in their hands. When the machine was brought in for repairs it was their job to make it airworthy. Every nut and bolt had to be fitted with infinite care; the controls had to be tested; the faulty strut repaired to prevent the 'plane breaking into bits under pressure. . . .

These men don't fly, but their skill and craftsmanship sit beside the pilot in his cockpit and the gunner at his turret. Each is a specialist at his job; each knows that even if he cannot wear the coveted wings on his uniform, he is as essential to the airmen as the mechanic is to the motorist.

In the past few months our R.A.F. ground-crews have been very busy indeed. Recently-delivered 'planes have to be tested thoroughly; machines that have been damaged in dog-fights must be repaired as

R.A.F. apprentices at a technical training school receiving instruction on the working of an air-cooled engine. All over England apprentices are being trained for jobs as skilled aircraftmen

A fitter-armourer examining a machine-gun. His special job is that of testing and repairing every kind of armament equipment used by aircraft. It is up to him to be 100 per cent. sure that the mechanism doesn't jam at the critical moment

Without Wings

quickly as possible ; aircraft must be re-armed while the weary pilots are snatching a meal and a brief rest before going " over the top " once again.

The fitters and flight-mechanics have to learn all about the latest types of engines and aircraft. Their responsibility is the overhaul, repair and testing of every kind of aero-engine. The flight-rigger is busy with the metal air-frames. All are handling expensive machinery with electrical and pneumatically-operated tools. The slightest negligence may not only ruin a costly mechanism and endanger the safety of a crew, but it may also cause serious injury to the mechanic. That is why dozens of notices are prominently displayed over the benches urging the necessity for care.

The fitter-armourer has the special job of overhauling, testing and repairing every kind of armament equipment used by aircraft. He is responsible for cleaning, testing and re-arming rifles, machine-guns and bomb gear. Many of our air weapons are power-operated, and their turrets have to be constantly scrutinised for defects. To appreciate the skill of the fitter-armourer it is only necessary to remember that by pressing a single button the pilot of a " Spitfire " releases hundreds of bullets every second from his eight Browning guns, which fire simultaneously. It is up to the fitter-armourer to be 100 per cent. sure that the delicate mechanism doesn't jam at the critical moment.

Another essential job is that of the wireless operator mechanic, who has to instal every kind of electrical and radio equipment used by the R.A.F. He must be ready to do drastic repairs at very short notice. The technique associated with the civilian plumber has no parallel in these R.A.F. craftsmen !

Instrument-makers are, of course, of the first importance to the R.A.F. There was a time when German lens manufacturers carried all before them ; to-day, thanks to careful training of apprentices and the use of the very best materials, we produce lenses equal to any turned out by Nazi factories. The R.A.F. specialists are on hand at (*Continued on page* 58)

(Below) Riggers removing fabric covering to examine the fuselage of an aircraft

Photographers constructing a mosaic from more than a hundred photographs taken during a survey flight. This is intricate work which calls for a high degree of skill and intelligence

They don't fly, but their skill and craftsmanship sit beside the pilot in his cockpit and the gunner at his turret

By Stanley Jackson

Riggers checking over the control wires of a Hawker "Osprey." Even when a machine has returned safely and seems to be in good condition, adjustments may be needed before it is fit to go up again

Thursday Night *at* Ten

WING COMMANDER "TONY" PELTON scattered the gravel outside Ribston House as he drew up; he always drove "on his brakes," but this time he was in a hurry. A uniformed porter demanded his credentials, for there was a war on and it was fashionable to be "hush-hush."

Tony, looking rather like a dowager's boy friend got up for amateur theatricals, dapper and too immaculate, slipped into a room the door of which was marked "Squadron Leader T. Brown-Kempton, D.F.C.," and underneath the terse addition, "INT. 14." The Air Ministry is still important even if it 's scattered about the countryside.

Brown-Kempton half-heaved his seventeen stone from a chair and said, "Evening, sir." The Intelligence Service is very superior, but it has to recognise rank.

"I 'm butting in, but I think it 's important, Oates" (Brown-Kempton's "T" stood for Titus). "This came out of the Dornier that the Navy salvaged to-day. One o' those that was shot down after Thursday's show."

The Intelligence Officer waved the Wing Commander towards a chair and bent over the flimsy sheet of transparent paper that Pelton put before him.

"It 's a grid, a grid for use over a map," he murmured.

"Yes, an' look in the corner—F.4.5 scribbled. And that line 's a bearing—his compass course."

"It is, Tony—you 've got something here. Wait a minute." Brown-Kempton shouted "Monty!"

A girl in the uniform of an officer of the W.A.A.F. entered from an adjoining room. Her quiet grey eyes "took-in" the visiting Wing Commander.

"This is Flight Officer Towleigh. Does maps and things—librarian we call her, but no books. Wing Commander Pelton—Fighters—dices with death an' so on." The Inteligence Officer's eyes were still on the semi-transparent sheet before him. "Monty, this paper came out of one of the enemy aircraft that blew up the ammunition train last Thursday. It 's divided up into lettered squares and the squares have ten equal divisions on each side an——"

"I know—see para umpty-iddy, Manual of Map Reading and Field Sketching. It 's called a 'grid.' I 'll get the German maps." The W.A.A.F. did a correct about-turn derisively and marched away.

"Nice hair—excellent type that; you staff wallahs get all the luck." Tony Pelton's glance followed the girl's erect figure with awe.

"What—she 's Maps an' Charts—I take a poor view of women in the office."

"Nice hair, she 's got. Wonderful colour, not red or brown but——". The Fighter Wing Commander screwed up his eyes and hesitated.

"P'raps it 's black," said Brown-Kempton. "Gawd knows—she 's Maps an' Charts and—she 's the librarian."

"So you said—she 's also a very nice-looking girl——"

The girl's return caused Tony to dry up.

"This is the map the Huns probably used when they got the ammunition train—degree sheet," she unrolled it before the Intelligence Officer.

Brown-Kempton slid the grid over the map and bent over it; his finger ran along to square F and stayed near the middle.

"Gosh—it is! And that 's where they found the train!"

The two men stared at each other bright-eyed and breathless.

"Good show, Tony—that washes out visual signals from the ground." The Intelligence Officer spoke slowly and looked through Monty.

The W.A.A.F. did a correct about-turn derisively and marched away

How Last Minute Information Reached the Enemy Bombers

By Richard Oliver

"They had a wireless signal when they were well on their way—a ruddy spy in this country—*that's* what happened," said the Wing Commander. "See how they altered course south when we all thought they were going for the Midlands. It was a damned spy with a radio."

Titus's great body seemed to shudder. "Not a radio, Tony—a wireless transmitting instrument."

"Anyway it's your job to collect spies," fired Tony.

"Steady—no need to flap," said the girl. "Does it mean that Thursday night's raid was not just a lucky shot?"

"It does—we never thought it was luck," Titus drawled aggravatingly and impersonally. "The enemy bombers left Denmark and Germany in three formations about eight o'clock. They flew due west for two hours and then they converged on—on F 4.5 and bombed a stationary train full of high explosives. And that train had only *stopped at that place at nine-thirty*. An hour and a half *after* they left the ground in enemy territory!"

"Why didn't you say so—I'll get the Noises," Monty Towleigh swung away

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

contemptuously—she hated being treated as other than a pretty girl with a reasonable brain.

"She's a bright line—your Maps and Charts. I like a little spirit."

"What—nothing in the office; try the rest-room," Titus said dreamily.

"I don't want a drink. I said that girl is good value, you—anyway, what's 'Noises'?"

"Sorry—it's the records of all the noises that are broadcast on and by wireless waves. Not the pukka messages but the oddments. We collect them all over the country—not very interesting—more like cats, prima donnas and unoiled bearings—only all mixed."

"And she keeps them—what a job!"

"Yes, in the library. Flight Officer Towleigh is the librarian. She classified them—no one else could. Musical."

THE room marked INT. 14 in Ribston House vibrated with strange sounds for an hour and a half. Monty Towleigh changed the records and seemed oblivious of the maddening discord. Titus Brown-Kempton and Tony Pelton listened for anything that might be morse for F 4.5 but Tony found continuous concentration irksome—there were the lights in Monty's hair—and her hands.

"That is everything on Thursday night from eight 'till eleven," she said at last. "And I don't believe any one could get anything out of it on the ground, much less in the air."

"Might ha' been relayed — made stronger somehow—or signalled from the ground by lights," muttered Titus meditatively, stroking his stomach.

"If it had been relayed we'd have it here, good and strong." Monty tapped the pile of records.

"Relayed by the British Broadcasting Corporation," murmured the intelligence officer sleepily from low in his chair. His eyes were bright.

"I take a dim view of you, Titus," began Tony Pelton; but Monty had grabbed the telephone.

"Give me Landhurst 85. Yes—priority—I want the B.B.C.," she demanded.

"But you're right, Titus—that's the sort of thing you *would* receive when you're flying, the wing commander whispered. "Not this weak stuff."

"Thank you—I'll write it down."

The two men watched the words formed as Monty wrote: "Dr. Emile Hartmann on 'Racial Trends in Central Europe'; Thursday, ten to ten-twenty p.m. Second talk in series of five."

The girl hurried away.

"My god—he used a code somehow—Emile Hartmann—who is he?"

"Perhaps. Monty's gone to see if we know anything about him."

"That girl's a damn good type——" The intelligence officer was about to speak. "No—don't say she's the librarian, I know it, and she's maps and charts. She's got more brains than——"

"The whole of the line-shooters in the intelligence branch put together," interrupted Titus. "I know, it's her hair what does it. If you're pretty you're clever, if you're plain you're——"

The girl was back with a card. They read:

"Hartmann, Emile. Unrecorded parentage—Jewish by religion. Born about 1891 in Vienna. Degree in philosophy. Teacher. Chair of philosophy Prague University 1931. Refugee 1939."

"Take those confused noises without, Monty, and get a car," said Titus. "We will visit the British Broadcasting Corporation—might give us a drink. Lousy with money, those blokes—refugee, eh—an' it's Thursday to-day."

The wing commander felt somewhat out of his depth.

"I say, Oates, old bean — d'you really think we are on something?"

"Only a free drink, I fear," gasped the intelligence officer as he fought his way into

a great-coat. "I've never traced an evil-doer yet—but I've only been on this job five years. Come on—we're in a hurry."

THEY piled into a camouflaged car, the W.A.A.F. beside the driver.

"Like hell," said Titus casually to the driver. As the loose gravel spurted from the wheels, the girl leaned back and handed a paper to Titus.

"Confirmed that Hartmann speaks to-night. Have telephoned for information as to possible targets for enemy bombers—specially fleeting opportunity ones," they read.

Wing Commander Tony Pelton studied the curls under the blue cap in front of him and he marvelled. Squadron Leader Titus Brown-Kempton seemed to be asleep in his corner. He grunted when the car jolted.

The B.B.C. department concerned was housed in a stately home of England. They were apparently expected for a warder passed them through to the library—another bookless library.

A grey-haired man came forward waving a pair of spectacles. "I'm the librarian, Squadron Leader Brown-Kempton, isn't it? My name's Pilbrow."

"Thanks—it's the Emile Hartmann talks we want. The second first—and slowly please."

Mr. Pilbrow put the records on an electric gramophone. Dr. Hartmann had an even-toned voice, not unpleasant, but when reproduced at half-speed exceedingly irritating. Brown-Kempton asked for a "repeat" three times and checked with his stop-watch. He seemed discouraged when the talk ended.

"That's an hour wasted," he seemed to accuse Monty of personal responsibility.

"I want the last five minutes of it again, the peroration," she demanded.

"It's after eight now. If the enemy bombers are coming they have left the ground," Titus grumbled. "We've got nothing to go on yet. The code can't be in the words; they're fixed up and passed by the people here too early—it must be in the way of speaking."

"It is—put that last bit on again, please." The W.A.A.F. spoke impatiently.

Dr. Hartmann's voice rolled out unctuously: "Thus the third great wave broke over Europe, the wave that rose in far—Turkestan, rolled right across Turkey and—toppled and spread over—the great plain of Hungary."

"Why did he cough before Turkestan?" Titus demanded.

"Because F is the sixth letter in the alphabet," shouted Monty. "We've got it!"

"Get your programme king here at once, please—the man in charge now," Squadron Leader Brown-Kempton shot the words at the librarian. "Now, Monty, what's this?"

"He coughed before Turkestan—then 'Turkestan rolled right across Turkey and' he hesitated there unnecessarily and too long—it's six words—then 'toppled and spread over.' Four words—and 'the great plain of Hungary,' five words. F 4.5. The map reference!"

Pilbrow came in with a grey-haired man.

"This is Major (*Continued on page* 64)

"*COLLAR him!*" *Monty shouted and dived at the microphone. Tony did collar the doctor—low. They fell in a heap*

WHERE FILM FORTUNES GO

Income tax and luxury living absorb a large portion of them

By Webster Fawcett

THE other day I had to go to the drawer in my library marked "Film Stars—Fortunes" and add another docket. This time it revealed that Douglas Fairbanks once earned £100,000 a year and accumulated a fortune of £2,500,000. His actual estate has yet to be proved.

All his life, Fairbanks spent money, lavishly, luxuriously, working or playing. Had he lived into old age, so high was his rate of spending, he might have died in poverty.

All these cases are preposterously difficult to understand. While they're famous, film stars earn fortunes. Can't they realise that the four-figure incomes won't last for ever? Can't they ever save a cent, put a little by—for a rainy day?

Or are they duped by the sunshine of Hollywood and the arc-lamps of the studios, and led to suppose that rainy days have vanished from the world for ever? Or do the publicity men ballyhoo us with trumped-up tales of big money?

As it happens, we have a means of telling that these facts are not faked by publicity men. Fortunately we have a very real guide to film stars' salaries, provided by the American income-tax authorities. Over there, income-tax figures are published to the world.

Thus, at an assessed valuation in Los Angeles County, Chaplin was discovered to be worth £538,498, mostly in stocks and bonds. Mary Pickford was assessed at £293,149, mostly in estate property, and was earning a £10,000 annual salary as president of her company.

Sometimes, I must warn you, the survey shows surprises. Often a film actor signs up a contract at a low salary. He may be unknown at the time, or not earning very much. Then he is built up into a success.

You imagine him to be among the top-flighters of film finance. Instead, he is making pictures at the salary stipulated on his old contract. Despite the riches of Mr. Deeds going to town, for instance, Gary Cooper at the last survey, was registered at only £250 a week, which doesn't seem much for a world-famous film star.

The chance for this sort of "hampered" star comes when his contract ends. His fame has just begun to get under way. If his producers drop him, another company will snap (*Continued on page* 68)

Spencer Tracy and Walt Disney are both keen polo enthusiasts. Spencer Tracy, a shrewd man, has turned some of his hard-earned studio gains into quick winnings on the racecourse. Walt Disney puts most of his earnings away and still lives in his six-roomed bungalow he settled in ten years ago. (*At top*) Mae West invests any of her spare earnings in purchasing diamonds and sapphires

Douglas Fairbanks once earned £100,000 a year and accumulated a fortune of £2,500,000

Clark Gable is another film star who has turned his studio gains into good account on the racecourse

Mabel Normand was once Chaplin's leading lady. Spent £20,000 a year on clothes. Her estate wasn't worth winding up

Charlie Chaplin whose assessed valuation in Los Angeles County was worth £538,498, mostly in stocks and bonds

Mary Pickford was assessed at £293,149—mostly in property —and earning £10,000 a year as president of her company

IT HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE

During the Siege of Paris in 1870 the French had Home Guards, a Silent Campaign and even a Blackout

By Gordon Beckles

HISTORY is apt to make fine sport of the news in showing that it's all happened before. Sometimes it even pulls off a double. Paris in the hands of the Nazis (*anc.* Prussians)? A great capital awaiting and then meeting a winter's siege? Put back the clock to the same moment in history and draw what parallels you choose. It is London, and Britain, that is besieged now; ringed by an enemy.

The time is September 1870. The war provoked by Napoleon III in July has gone against the French. The "astonishing mobility" of the Germans, combined with the French Army's lack of modern equipment, has brought the enemy to the gates of Paris. "The chief danger in Paris at present," wrote Thomas Gibson Bowles, the *Morning Post* correspondent on the eve of the siege, "is from the Parisians themselves, who continue to see a spy in every other individual they meet. Even to ask the way to a street is considered ample evidence of guilt." An order from the Hotel de Ville counselling discretion in talk had provoked public hysteria; attempts at instituting Silent Columns have so often had the same result.

In the trenches defending Paris. During the siege there was a regular balloon and carrier pigeon service. Pigeons in one day brought in 1,100 private telegrams

ONE Philippe Pétain, awaiting entry into the military school of St. Cyr, can hardly in this September fail to have been thrilled by the address to the nation written by Victor Hugo. Henry Labouchère, in Paris at the time, thus reported the address: "You may judge of its essentially practical spirit by the following specimen. 'Rouen, draw thy sword! Lille, take up thy musket! Bordeaux, take up thy gun! Marseilles, sing thy song and be terrible!'" And Pétain lived to hear Gamelin enjoin under-armed French soldiers to "Conquer or die for France!"

Labouchère adds, with delightful sarcasm, that he suspects Marseilles would sing her song a long, long time before the effect of her vocal efforts would in any way prevent the Prussians from carrying out their plans.

Those who believe that slop is an invention of modern journalism should note the last entry in Labouchère's diary on this same day as the siege was starting. "A child," proclaim the evening papers, "deposited her doll this afternoon in the arms of the statue of Strasburg. All who saw the youthful patriot perform this touching act were deeply affected."

Thus was Paris invested by the Prussians. But who was going to defend her walls when so much of the regular French armies was scattered across France? There was already a home guard, or volunteers for local defence. Here is a contemporary description of them: "Many have no uniform whatever, unless the blouse be called a uniform, and the only proof that they are soldiers at all is afforded by the gun and the waistbelt holding the cartouche-box. Nevertheless, they drill fairly well, considering the short time they have been in training."

There was no rationing as there was little enough to ration. Rich and poor waiting their turn to get a portion of meat

WITH Paris besieged, it was necessary that at least a part of the government be safely away from the capital for the further prosecution of the war. What town did they choose to use as a twin capital? Tours, and one almost adds "of course." It was to Tours that Leon Gambetta went by balloon on October 7 when he felt that the fight must be pushed on with if France were to have even its self-respect saved. He began to organise a new army independent of the regular forces. So today does General de Gaulle.

The first blow to the besieged Parisians came when they heard that on October 27 General

(*Continued on page 76*)

A view of Neuilly showing the damage done by the heavy German bombardment

CAPTAIN JASPER HANNAY, late skipper of a decrepit old thirty-five hundred ton tramp that had been sunk by a mine in the Channel early in the war, was surprised when he received a letter requesting him to call upon Mr. Baugh, of Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., owners of the Golden Arrow Line, to discuss a matter of mutual interest. He hadn't applied to Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., for a berth.

Baugh, a spare, chilled-steel sort of old man, received him with a faint air of distaste and belligerence. "Lookin' for a berth as master?" he queried brusquely.

"No, sir."

"We have the *Lancashire Maid* up on the Clyde," old Baugh went on. "She's brand new and we'll have to accept her without a trial run to see if her speed is up to the builder's guarantee. Those damned mines! Lucky to have a mine-swept area large enough to swing her in while her compasses were adjusted."

"Lucky, indeed," Captain Hannay murmured politely.

"She's a ten-thousand-ton refrigerator ship, Captain Hannay. Built to bring beef and mutton from the Argentine. She was laid down before this ruddy war started—and now the damned Admiralty is sticking its nose into our business. And they call this a democracy. Blasted despotism, I call it."

"Your *Lancashire Maid*," Hannay reminded the irate old man, "would have been just another steamer six months ago, but with Germany doing her best to starve England, your vessel has become a very valuable national asset. We English are creatures of habit. The French can get along nicely on horsemeat, chicken, rabbits and cabbage soup, but John Bull must have his roast beef and boiled mutton in war and peace."

"The Admiralty insists we give our beautiful new steamship to a man of whose capabilities we know nothing."

"Didn't some chap in the Admiralty tell you all about the man?"

"Oh, yes, and praised him highly."

Captain Hannay waited politely for old Baugh to identify the nuisance. "I mean you," the ancient bully shrilled. "You! you! And we don't want you. She's been promised to the senior captain of our fleet."

"I imagine that statement terminates the interview, Mr. Baugh." Hannay rose to go.

"Sit down," Baugh commanded rudely.

WHEN her bow touched the wreck and commenced moving it aside the boatswain threw a line down to the lone survivor

Heart *of* British Oak

When Kindness is Mistaken for Weakness, Virile Action is Unexpected

By Peter B. Kyne

"I'll tell you when the interview is ended. State your qualifications for the job."

"You have my permission to go to the devil, Mr. Baugh."

Baugh indulged in a senile cackle. "Forthright fellow," he declared. "So you are an old navy man. Junior lieutenant retired for disability in 1920. Why should the Admiralty wish a cripple on us?"

"When I was a fifteen-year-old naval cadet at Dartmouth, Mr. Baugh, I learned that whatever the Admiralty does is right. And I'm not a cripple. I was retired for incipient tuberculosis, the result of getting my young tail wet once too often, but I beat it out in five years. And because my pension wasn't sufficient to support my family decently, I went into the mercantile marine. However, I'm still subject to orders from the Admiralty; hence if directed to take over the *Lancashire Maid*, there is nothing you or I can do about it."

"But I fail to see——"

"Of course, of course," Captain Hannay interrupted him, a little rudely, for he had taken Baugh's measure and found the man not to his liking. "You aren't expected to see, although I am a little surprised that the lessons of the last war have, apparently, been lost on you. Some courteous gentleman and officer in the Admiralty carefully explained to you why I am preferred to command the *Lancashire Maid* instead of your senior skipper who, I make no doubt, is well deserving of the promotion. I dare say he has waited long for it, but he will have to wait longer. You know your steamer is to be armed and that gun crews will be furnished from the Royal Naval Reserve. As a retired officer of the Royal Navy I now belong to the Royal Naval Reserve, and, since losing my last ship—she was sunk the third day of this war—I have been taking an intensive course in the technique of modern anti-aircraft gunnery. It's quite different now from the days of the last war. So the Admiralty is of the opinion that it would be futile to arm the *Lancashire Maid* unless she is commanded by a man who is competent to train her rather green gun crews to the point of maximum efficiency; who would have an even chance in a running fight with a submarine and who is presumed, because of his former war-time experience, to be able to keep his head when his ship is under fire. Lloyd's can insure your fine new ship for Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., but only the Admiralty can offer a measure of insurance for a national asset and the lives of British seamen."

Baugh pretended to digest this information, but Captain Hannay was not deceived. He knew Baugh had summoned him for this interview in order to drive the best bargain possible in the matter of salary. He had sniffed out the skinflint character of the man. So he said.

"My salary as master will be that of a captain in the Royal Navy."

"You're a bandit," old Baugh shrilled. "I'll not pay it."

"I'm a captain in the Royal Navy Reserve. You cannot pay less. Where is your vessel lying?"

"At her builders' dock on the Clyde, and there's considerable cargo waiting for her in the Upper Mersey Basin."

"I shall expect you to attend to the formal details of my appointment, Mr. Baugh." Captain Hannay bowed himself out of the office. He was a man who could not suffer fools gladly.

The old man followed him to the door. "The day the war ends is the day you go back on the beach," he shrilled. "Damned impudent navy shellback! It's cocksure fellows like you that are causing the British Empire to disintegrate."

Captain Hannay was feeling quite pleased with himself as he went whistling down the hall. Old Baugh was an old bully and he had been out-bullied—nice to have a big, speedy, brand-new ship. Too bad she couldn't have a short shake-down cruise—he hoped her chief

engineer would be a hard-bitten Scot or Irishman. Ships have a habit of endearing themselves to Gaelic chiefs and the belligerent devils will fight like fiends for their jobs and the thing they love—a Diesel-driven vessel with twin screws, eh?—she must have a top speed of sixteen knots or better and cruise at fifteen.

He brought her down to the Upper Mersey Basin convoyed by a destroyer, and his chief engineer was a big black Celt named O'Shaughnessey and her first a Cockney named Pettibone, who had served a long apprenticeship as second in a Kendall, Baugh tramp. The Admiralty had already equipped her with two six-inch guns, while two three-inch anti-aircraft guns were mounted on her deck. The gun crews, as he had suspected, were half trained, with the exception of the old chief petty officer in charge of them—and he knew his business. From the moment he stepped aboard the gun crews knew few idle moments during daylight hours.

The *Lancashire Maid* sailed from Liverpool on a blustery day in November, when a high fog hung over the Irish Sea. The visibility at the surface was good but above a thousand feet it was very bad, for which reason Captain Hannay apprehended no attacks from German bombers. His gun crews were at the big guns, therefore, and men with powerful binoculars searched the sea for periscopes. The destroyer led the steamer through the channel in the minefield already laid between Scotland and Ireland; they were through it at sunset and from a radio station near Belfast and another on the coast of Scotland Captain Hannay got a cross bearing that gave him his position accurately; he had laid out his course into the South Atlantic and the destroyer had signalled she would leave him at nine o'clock, after the long twilight that obtains in that latitude had given way to a moonless night. By daylight next day the steamer should be well out of submarine range; with each turn of her propellers the possibility of an attack by long-range German bombers lessened.

At six o'clock the fog had lifted. Captain Hannay had dined and had come up on the bridge at eight-thirty o'clock when he heard the distant drone of airplane engines. Mr. Pettibone, whose watch it was, heard that drone, too, and at a nod from the skipper he pulled the whistle cord in a series of quick jerks, that gave the signal for the gun crews to go to the anti-aircraft guns. Presently Captain Hannay saw three bombers coming down out of the north-east, but still too far away for him to decide whether they were British or German. The destroyer decided that question for him by opening with all her anti-aircraft guns—whereupon he ran to take charge of one of his guns while the old chief petty officer took charge of the other; their bursts were flowering around the oncoming planes as the latter roared over the destroyer—but did not drop any bombs! So Captain Hannay realised the *Lancashire Maid* was their objective. Each plane dropped two bombs as it passed over her at about three thousand feet; they had made a diving attack. All six bombs missed. The pattern bombing of the Germans was not good. All three planes then zoomed to gain altitude for another dive, when something appeared to give them pause. That something was a flight of six British combat planes, that dropped out of the sky on top of them. Captain Hannay watched the aerial battle drift away across the sky into the north-east. Just before they were no longer visible he saw, through his glasses, one of the bombers drop into the sea.

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

HE jabbed an index finger at him and roared in his best quarterdeck manner: "You will go to your room under arrest and remain there until I send for you"

THE crew of the *Lancashire Maid* was congratulating itself on having escaped when again the distant drone of motors came to them and out of the fast fading light a lone bomber appeared, pursued by two British combat planes. About a mile from the steamer they caught up with the bomber, as the chatter of machine guns testified—and then the crews of the *Lancashire Maid* and the destroyer were watching a minor dogfight. The German no longer sought escape; he was manœuvering his huge heavy plane in a truly remarkable manner, giving back burst for burst. The fight drifted away into the east, first one "Spitfire" went down and then the other, then the lone bomber was banking sharply around and heading for the destroyer. She dropped a bomb that exploded about forty feet from that craft—she came on, diving for the *Lancashire Maid*, passed over her at an altitude of a thousand feet—*and failed to drop a bomb*—a shell from the destroyer burst under her tail and the people aboard the steamer saw the plane's nose thrust violently downward by the uprush of air from the explosion.

"He's out of control," Captain Hannay told the chief petty officer. "He can't go up and he can't turn—he's losing altitude rapidly."

A mile ahead the bomber crashed in a cloud of spray and the destroyer with a farewell toot from her siren, turned back, her commanding officer confident there would be no more bombing attacks on the *Lancashire Maid* before darkness hid her. And there was a possibility of picking up one or both of the "Spitfire" pilots.

As Captain Hannay came back on the bridge Mr. Pettibone said: "That bomber's floatin', sir."

"Ram it," the skipper ordered. A half mile from the plane they saw a small light describing continuous arcs; as they came slowly up to it Captain Hannay saw a man standing on top of the fuselage signalling with an electric torch. "Suppose we'll have to pick the fellow up," he told Mr. Pettibone, and jammed the marine telegraph handles back to half speed, then slow. With the bow of the *Lancashire Maid* fifty yards from the floating

As the motor-boat slid past the submarine's bow, Mr. Pettibone rolled a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound depth-charge out of the shallow, concave hardwood cradle on the little after-deck

bomber the steamer crept up under bare steerage way; when her bow touched the wreck and commenced moving it aside the boatswain threw a line down to the lone survivor, who caught it, made the bight of it fast around his body and jumped overboard. He was hauled aboard as the *Lancashire Maid* was backing away; she came on again at full speed and drove the bomber under.

The second mate came up on the bridge presently with interesting news. The German they had picked up was the pilot of the 'plane Captain Hannay had downed. The other members of her crew had all been killed by machine-gun fire; before landing on the sea he had dumped his petrol to guarantee sufficient buoyancy to keep the 'plane afloat. The second said the prisoner was a mere boy and a lieutenant of sorts.

"Officer, eh?" Captain Hannay murmured. "Well, rank has its privileges, even if the lad is a prisoner of war. Tell the steward, mister, to put him in the owner's suite and to provide him with a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers from my wardrobe. You 'll find a bottle of rather good whisky in the lower drawer of my dresser. Please give the prisoner a five-finger ration to take the chill out of him and instruct the steward to serve him dinner in the state-room. Thereafter he is to take the prisoner's clothing down into the engine-room to be dried out; when it is dry he is to press it and deliver it to the young man in the morning."

WHEN Captain Hannay descended into the dining-saloon at eight o'clock the following (*Continued on p.* 54)

"The Rock"

Gibraltar seen under the White Ensign of one of Britain's powerful battleships, H.M.S. "Rodney"

Gibraltar and its Many Sieges

By C. Fox Smith

THOUSANDS upon thousands of years ago—who knows just how many ?—a great volcanic disturbance took place in the bed of what is now the Atlantic Ocean. It brought about many important changes on the world's surface. It upset some people's arrangements quite a lot, if we are to believe what tradition tells us. It swallowed up Lost Atlantis with its cities and its civilisation complete; and if its civilisation was no better than our own the loss was possibly no great one. It tore Europe and Africa apart and made two continents of them. And it heaved up in passing, so to speak, a solid jagged lump of rock, three miles long and averaging three-quarters of a mile across, and dumped it down beside the fifty-mile-long stretch of water which parted them.

Gibraltar !

It looked then, most likely, in essentials pretty much as it looks now—a great couchant beast—lion, sphinx, call it what you will—keeping perpetual watch over the narrow strait. In those days probably, as for a good many centuries to follow, there was no one to trouble about its possible significance in relation to the history of the new-born continent of Europe, as well as to other and far-distant continents, east and west. The wild beasts gnawed their bones in its caves, and the ancestors of the surviving apes of to-day scrambled about its sides; while the people of a certain island—also torn away from the continent of Europe by the same, or some similar convulsion—never dreamed, as they contended with wild beasts for possession of the land, that one day Gibraltar would be one of the keystones of British sea power on the route to the East, and that if there had been no Gibraltar there might have been no Battle of the Nile and no Trafalgar. The Rock of Gibraltar is, literally, a rock—a solid mass of grey limestone, with beds of sand here and there, rising at its highest point—the Sugar Loaf—to a height of 1439 feet. It is fretted and honeycombed with caves, some natural, some artificial, some a combination of the two. The most remarkable of these, St. Michael's Cave, is entered 1100 feet above sea-level, and runs so far

The raising of the siege of Gibraltar by Sir John Leake in 1705. Eight years later, by the Peace of Utrecht, it was ceded to England "in all manner of right for ever"

The repulse of a Spanish attack on Gibraltar in February 1727, in which the Spaniards lost 5000 men

into the rock that its windings have never been fully explored. The tale goes that more than one dark deed has been done in its hidden recesses, and never brought to light. On the eastern slopes of the Rock concrete has been applied to the natural formation, so as to provide catchment areas from which a supply of water is drawn for the town and the fortress, thus filling a felt want, for there are few good wells in Gibraltar.

IF one were to be dumped down suddenly in the Main Street of Gibraltar, one might think for a moment that one had arrived in a corner of old Portsmouth or Gosport. There are pubs.—honest to goodness pubs.—bearing such signs as the " Jolly Sailor." The names on the street-corners are in large Georgian-looking letters that bear a strong family resemblance to those in Portsmouth Dockyard ; and a good many of the houses are precisely the same kind that are inhabited by Admirals and Dockyard Superintendents and the like the world over.

Again, if you were to take a side turning and start to climb one of the steep cobbled alleys that go by the name of the Ramps, you might almost fancy yourself in Clovelly—the glimpses of blue sea spread out below you, even the swarthy faces of the passers-by, aiding the illusion ; for there are, as everyone knows, dark types to be met with in Devon that suggest an admixture of Southern blood that has somehow crept into the race.

The pride of Gibraltar is its Alameda Gardens—a delightful and in no way incongruous mixture of parade ground and park, where the animated bust of stout old Lord Heathfield stands amid the dusk of the orange-trees, where the fruit glows like lamps, and the loquats and pepper-trees and great tree-geraniums that grow on what was once an arid waste called the Red Sands. It is to General Don, a Governor of the early nineteenth century, that Gibraltar owes its Alameda. Left to itself, the Rock grows only a few sparse trees such as still cling to its upper slopes.

AND, of course, there are the monkeys—the only wild monkeys in Europe. They are small Barbary apes, such as are to be found plentifully across the Straits ; and it is probably that fact which has given rise to the tradition that they originally reached the Rock by way of a subterranean passage, having one entrance somewhere in the depths of St. Michael's Cave, and the other on the old Mount Abyla—the modern Apes' Hill—over in Africa. If ever such a passage did exist, it must have ceased to be usable ; for the ape population of Gibraltar has been steadily decreasing for many years, and at one time bade fair to die out altogether. It became, indeed, at one period entirely female, the last surviving male, scenting a possible challenge to his position as head of the family, having developed a pleasing habit of devouring his sons as soon as they appeared. However, a young one was imported in time to save the race from extinction, and there are now about thirty or so in residence. Now and then they descend into the town and raid high Naval and Military larders, and the word goes forth—" M.M.G.—Monkeys Must Go." But somehow nothing is done. And like a good many venerable institutions which sometimes become a nuisance, they continue, and will no doubt continue, to flourish.

Reference to the legendary apes' tunnel calls to mind the plan for a tunnel connecting Gibraltar with Africa which received a good deal of support some years ago ; the project, it was claimed, would provide much the shortest route between London and Cape Town. But a good deal of water—some of it definitely unexpected—has flowed under the bridges since then ; and in present conditions it seems in the highest degree unlikely that anything more will be heard of the scheme. (*Continued on p.* 62)

Destruction of the battering ships, by red-hot shot, attacking Gibraltar on the night of September 13, 1782. Upwards of 8300 rounds were expended by the defending garrison, though fewer than 100 guns were in action, in this desperate engagement

General George Augustus Eliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar, who withstood the fierce attacks of the French and Spanish forces from 1779 to 1783. One of the most memorable sieges in history

Lord Howe's fleet finally raising the siege of Gibraltar, which began on July 16, 1779, and ended on February 2, 1783

In the days of round shot. A view of one of the batteries at Gibraltar, taken in the early days of photography, about 1870-1875

A Traitor Has

He put his hands over hers.
"Darling, I want you more than I have ever wanted anything in my life"

PROBABLY the only period with any real continuity in Tom Emerston's life was the seven years he was at school in Germany. His father died when he was three and he inherited enough to give him more than five thousand a year.

His mother drifted up and down Europe from one "season" to another, and he never knew where he was going to join her for his holidays till he got her latest wire. She always corresponded with him by wire, long wires, it is true, full of endearments, but remembered just as she was "rushing off" somewhere. In the holidays he shared the kind of life she lived herself. She smothered him with affection for one hour a day and abandoned him for twenty-three, which suited him. Even then he was arrogantly determined that he knew what was best for himself.

In his first year at Sandhurst an elderly major said to him: "Emerston,

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

No Home

Love made him Betray his Country and Love made him Atone for that Betrayal

By Max Murray

I believe you could learn anything you put your mind to but self-control."

"I find the subject much too dull, sir!" Young Emerston implied that he found the major also dull.

The most widely popular event in his last year was when Egan Titherage gave him the hiding of his life in the middleweight boxing finals. The cheers he could hear at the ringside left him in no doubt as to whom they wanted to win. He hated them all. Still on his feet, he saw Egan in front of him holding out both gloves to shake hands. He cracked Egan on the jaw with all that remained of his strength, and had the consolation of seeing him drop. It was a blow that knocked out his own career.

His departure from Sandhurst was for Tom Emerston the turning point. Up till then he had applied himself with a mixture of indolence and zeal to the prospect of varying careers, but there had been no time when he had had no wish to make a name for himself.

Right from his early schooldays his father's choice had been the Diplomatic Service. That was why his early education had been in Heidelberg. His German was as good as his English. He ranked Germany as more important to him than England.

After Sandhurst he travelled about Europe for a year. Most of the casinos knew him well. He was drinking a lot, gambling a lot and talking a lot with the crowd who knew themselves as the International Set. This was in the years before the war when the walls of every casino and international meeting place began to have ears.

Somebody in Berlin began a file headed: "EMERSTON—Thomas Delaney; age twenty-four years; educated Germany, England; some military knowledge; excellent appearance; popular, particularly with women; intimate knowledge of affairs of a number of people in high places.

Remarks: Emerston is at present spending more than his income, his vanity will not let him retract from his way of living. In all his conversation the subject professes an admiration for the Nazi form of government. Boasts, with truth, of the fact that often in Germany he passes for a German."

BUT for Verna Brown that file, like so many thousands of others, might have remained nothing but a fragment in a mountain of thoroughness. Tom Emerston met Verna on a float sixty yards out from the rocks at Cap d'Antibes. To him she was just one of a number of other desirable girls till he found that she was engaged to Captain Egan Titherage.

Even Emerston himself was sometimes surprised how that one defeat still rankled. Now the presence of Verna, here in the Hotel du Cap, seemed to throw it in his face. It made him want Verna more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. Up to a point his progress was easy because of his claim to be a friend of Egan's. She was at a loose end. It was nice to be driven along the coast in what must have been the most spectacular car on the Riviera. It was nice to have an early morning bathe and then race up over the Grand Corniche and drop down to cocktails in the queer company that remained faithful to Monte Carlo. It was nice to have an escort whom everybody noticed and so many seemed to know.

Sometimes she was half frightened by his intensity. Sitting at the tables the atmosphere around him was always electric. He seemed to be chancing his fate. Often she saw that he could have passed the bank winning a small fortune. Instead he ran it once too often and lost. Something seemed always to drive him just too far. It was the same with Verna herself. The time came when she had a feeling of wanting to escape from him. He seemed never satisfied without her. It was the same at breakfast, lunch, dinner. There was nothing she could object to, except his continual presence; an almost arrogant assumption that, for the present at least, he could live her life for her, monopolise every moment.

On the last day Verna saw Emerston she made the excuse that she wanted to go shopping, but he put his hand under her arm and led her to the car and drove her to Nice. Later she was buying a lipstick and bent over a showcase to admire one of those ridiculously extravagant pieces of expensive imitation jewellery made by Lalique or Lelong. Tom bought it and handed it to her. Verna was suddenly furiously angry. His attentions had preyed on her nerves.

"What right have you to do that! It—it's insufferable!"

"But, darling, why?" He raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Because—well—I don't want you to do it. Surely that's enough." She handed the ornament back to him.

"As you wish." He turned to the girl who had served him, smiling into her eyes.

"Look, mademoiselle, we made a mistake about this. But you have been so charming, I am going to give it to you."

The girl's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She accepted in the spirit in which it

seemed to have been presented so graciously to her.

Tom followed Verna from the shop, still smiling as he opened the door and closed it when she sat in the car. Neither of them spoke as he weaved a way out of the Nice traffic. When they were on the open road he glanced sideways at her set profile.

"You see, Verna, giving a present doesn't necessarily mean giving offence—that girl didn't even know me, but she was pleased."

"Yes, I saw that."

"And so?"

"So you had a nice cheap little sop to your vanity. I understand."

He told himself that it wasn't contempt, just anger because of the neat way he had turned the tables on her.

"The point about you, darling, is that you aren't used to having the attentions that are your due. Tell me, doesn't dear Egan give his presents spontaneously—or does he not give presents?"

"Let's leave Egan out of this, shall we?"

"Nothing would please me more."

He drove slowly and presently he placed his hand over hers. "I'm sorry, Verna. I've put my foot in it, I know, but you will forgive me, won't you, please?"

"Of course." He gave her as always a feeling that somehow she was in the wrong and it was that which had made her so angry. What did his paltry little present amount to? Nothing, when it was compared to the thousands of francs he was spending every day taking her about. It had jarred her, but for no reason she could explain.

"Sure I'm forgiven?"

"Certain. I shouldn't have made a fuss," she smiled at him.

"Then why not drive up into the hills. It's too early to go home."

She could think of no reason. They turned up on the road to Grasse. They left the car on the road above the town and climbed on foot till they came to a rock that overlooked the Mediterranean, miles away and below them, glowing in the setting sun. Tom sat by her side.

"It's odd," he said. "In a place like this I feel that I could do something different with my life. I mean, it seemed there might be something else worth while besides the usual rounds."

EMERSTON whipped his automatic from its holster. When he spoke his voice was trembling

"Of course there is," she spoke eagerly. "Tom, why don't you try it?"

He looked at her sideways. "How much help do I get from you?"

"Help?" She looked at him in surprise and then away quickly. "You can always come to Auntie Verna for a little friendly advice."

"Verna—look at me."

She turned her head reluctantly. "Yes?"

"You know I didn't mean that."

She laughed. "I'm disappointed. What did you want?"

"You."

"Sorry, I'm booked."

"Good God, Verna, what difference does that make?"

"None, maybe. No, it would be the same if I weren't."

He put his hands over hers. "I don't believe that. You are putting up this pose of aloofness because of Egan, to help you to remember that fatuous engagement of yours. That's true, isn't it?"

"Since you ask, no." Her voice was cold.

"Listen, Verna, you don't like the way I'm living; you don't like the way I'm going through my money. I'll change all that. I'll do something useful. The reason I haven't done it before was because there was no incentive. What was the use of earning money when a more interesting occupation was spending it? Darling, I want you more than I have ever wanted anything in my life."

"That's the novelty of coming up against something you can't get."

"That's a challenge?"

"No, it's a fact. Listen, Tom, Egan and I are in love with each other. I'm meeting him on Wednesday in Marseilles on his way back from Palestine. We're getting married at the end of the month. When you remember all the other girls there are in the world, it's scarcely worth giving another thought to me, is it?" She stood up. "Let's go down, it's getting late."

He jumped up and caught her arms. "So it's as simple as all that?"

"Yes, Tom, it's as simple as that."

"Not for me. You know, Verna, I'd rather kill you than let you marry Egan." His face was close to hers. He was breathing through his teeth. "It's lonely up here, Verna."

She looked into his eyes. "What do you propose to do? Throw me over the cliff?"

"This is what I'm going to do!" He snatched her into his arms and kissed her lips.

She stood motionless till he swung away.

"That doesn't make you love me, does it?"

"It makes me hate you."

She turned and almost ran down the hill-side, stumbling uncertainly. He saw her take out her handkerchief and with a swift rough movement draw it across her lips. He sat

on the rock and lowered his face slowly into his arms.

THE Emerston dossier in Berlin was added to, and moved to a less obscure position in the records.

"The subject's reckless living is landing him in trouble. His finances are now low. He is nursing a grudge against England and the English (this is being fostered). Obviously it is due to a woman. He has since been flattered and fêted in Munich. Ref.: Fräulein Henkel."

Later:

"Arranged for Emerston's arrest following fraudulent betting transaction suggested by us. Bail arranged. He will arrive in Hamburg Friday."

TOM EMERSTON finished reading the eight-forty "news in English" bulletin from the new Bremen radio station. News! Good God! Possibly one could call it that! He lowered his eyes again to the papers he had read and then dully glanced across to the man sitting silent in the corner of the studio. He was a big man and a revolver lay on the table before him. He was smiling at Emerston, sardonically.

"Very nice, Mr. Emerston. I am sure your countrymen enjoyed your debut. Any country is charmed to hear the voice of one of its traitors! But I must report that you did not sound really sincere."

"Sincere! I hate England and you know it; but this stuff!"

"Not strong enough, you think?"

"What is the use of telling the people of England they are starving when they know perfectly well that they are not?"

"They are misinformed, Herr Emerston. People are starving when, and only when, the Fuehrer says they are—it saves a great deal of confusion."

Emerston had learned that it was painfully tactless to argue. He got up and walked towards the studio door. He had learned a lot in the last six months; he had always been quick to learn. But it takes any man a long time to learn what a fool he has been.

"Oh, by the way. Your orders are to report an hour earlier to-morrow, Emerston."

"Oh, why?"

"There are three English prisoners coming to the studio. You are to coach them in what to say."

Emerston stood looking at the other man. English prisoners; he was unable to speak. Twice he tried; he saw a grin twisting the corners of the other man's lips. He turned swiftly and walked away. He walked to the locker room to get his coat and hat. His fellow countrymen! It had never occurred to him that he would have to suffer this last ignominy. Yes, he was a traitor, but he had hoped that he was removed for ever from contact with the country he was betraying. A man in an officer's uniform whom he knew slightly had taken off his tunic and was leaning drunkenly over one of the wash basins. He looked round owlishly.

"Ah, the tame Englishman! How are you, my little traitor?"

Emerston took no notice. The man went on:

"I have just come back from the line—squalid place—I brought back three of your countrymen. I should be careful. They will probably try to kill you."

"You brought them here?"

"To the prison, yes. I'm the liaison officer between the propaganda department here and the front line!" he laughed foolishly. "The truth at one end and the lies at the other. It is an interesting job." He rubbed his towel over his face and said suddenly: "I am going to be sick." He turned and plunged into one of the cabinets.

Emerston went to the tunic and ran his fingers swiftly through the pockets.

(*Continued on page 66*)

By Winifred Lewis

Time on your hands is seldom a good thing, apart from holidays. Nowadays it is more than ever a thing to be avoided. But it is not every woman who can devote her spare time to war work. Domestic ties sometimes make this impossible, and in such cases, profitable ways of using up spare time in the interests of the home—are something to study.

It is a nice thought that after the war some of us will be in a position to say "I never neglected my home. I never let despondency or even danger sabotage my efforts to make it more beautiful, more endearing and more homely."

Few of us have money now to spend on big improvements, some of us are hard put to it to carry out essential ones, but the improvements that can be made at the cost only of personal ingenuity can go on and on.

In the past year, when little of decoration has been carried out in the average home, the house must have grown to seem rather an old story, and with things as they are we are unlikely for the present to be able to replace it with a new one. But what is wrong with giving the old story a new ending? Why not set yourself the task of doing this in the months to come? Take the home to pieces, metaphorically speaking, room by room, planning new details of interest, new twists, original touches that will make the old story seem new again.

It is possible to give an entirely new feeling to a room by some comparatively simple alteration or addition. Colour is a very strong factor. The whole personality of a room can be changed by the clever introduction of harmonious colouring. This can be done without very drastic alterations.

If, for instance, you have a room with a one-colour background, it is possible to revise the whole colour scheme by introducing new curtains and accessories which emphasise the dominant colouring.

Suppose you were to choose a Sunlover fabric for curtains. This very attractive rayon fabric has the appearance of a soft shantung. There are some charming designs as well as plain colours—all of which are fadeless—and the price is modest at 1s. 11½d. for 36-in. and 2s. 11d. for 48-in.

If the background, meaning walls and ceiling, are say, cream or yellow, a Sunlover fabric with touches of red and blue on a cream groundwork would be effective. Some touches of red on lampshades, blue and red cushions and a piece of pottery or upholstery in either red or blue will give cohesion to the scheme. There has been very little drastic change, though the room has a new interest.

A new curtain treatment by giving the windows a fresh interest will add something arresting to an old scheme of decoration. On the whole we are rather dull about curtain treatments. There are so many different ways of draping windows, many of them simple and well within the scope of the amateur. A window illustrated on facing page shows a suggested curtain treatment that presents no difficulties, yet it would make a scheme of decoration new again. This could be carried out in either rayon satin, velvet or a soft cretonne. These curtains were designed for use with roller blinds.

Yet another way of giving a completely new feeling to an old scheme of decoration is in the way that has been illustrated on the facing page.

A bedroom with plain distempered walls and matching paintwork was given a ceiling paper sprigged with shaded mauve and green rosebuds. The paper is carried down to the cornice.

The mauve colouring in the paper is repeated in a rather darker shade by the coconut matting fitted to the floor. Pale green Madras muslin curtains draped at the windows put the new ending to another old story.

Cut-out motifs can be used in many ways to enliven a plain wall or to decorate painted furniture, doors, and woodwork. Simple sprays of flowers cut from a strip of figured wallpaper will serve the purpose if the design is clear-cut and lends itself to such uses.

A spray of flowers stuck on the panel of a door or cupboard and repeated on the front of a painted bureau or the panel of a bed make a charming decoration and sometimes provide the colour motif for a complete scheme. If the paper motif is varnished over, the effect is still better.

In our illustration an ingenious use has been made of the cut-out flower motif to decorate a service hatch as well as the panels of the door. The hatch itself is painted green and gives an impression of a tub out of which coloured flowers are springing.

The decoration for a kitchen window shown in one of the illustrations is amusing and easy to carry out. The pots and pans are first drawn in outline on thick, highly-coloured paper, then cut out and stuck on to the flat surface of a wooden pelmet.

Another way, equally effective, is to cut the motifs out of rubberised cloth of one colour and stick them on to a pelmet of another colouring. A dark blue shiny oil-cloth pelmet with motifs of bright red and green look very well. Other colour combinations can be worked out to harmonise or contrast with the colouring of walls and woodwork. The same treatment does for the bathroom, substituting birds and fish for the utensils.

These touches of decoration about the house are very effective and amusing to do. As you experiment, you find your ideas expanding and your skill developing. Try this way of giving the old story a new ending.

Sometimes by renewing the background of a room, leaving everything else as before, one can make an old scheme appear new again.

The background consists of walls, ceiling and floor which act as a co-ordinating influence between the colours, forms and textures which make the general ensemble.

For example, the room in question might be papered in pale green. We will suppose that there are deep purple curtains at the windows, green coverings to the chairs and a purple carpet. Accessories such as cushions and pottery are in varying shades of the two predominant colours.

Everything is to remain but the background which is to be changed so that the room shall appear new again.

Take the character and lighting of the room into consideration before selecting a new setting. This is very important. If the room is dark or the outlook obscured, go for a more colourful background than you would choose if sun and daylight are plentiful and the view from the windows impressive.

If the first applies, the walls could be changed to clear pink; a marshmallow tint rather than a rosy one. You can make the change yourself if you use distemper which demands no special skill to apply but only care and common sense.

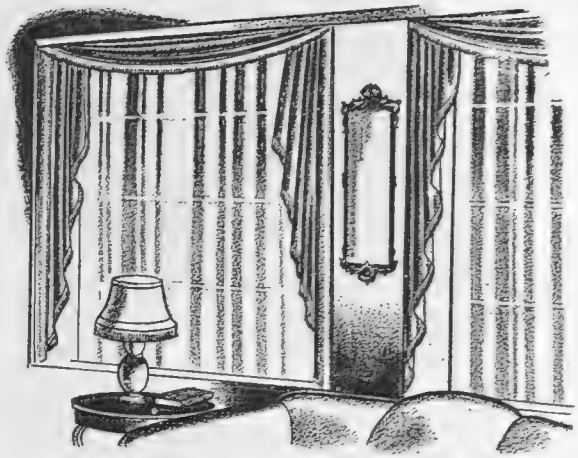
The purple curtains and green chair covers will look distinguished against this new background, as they would also do against soft blue walls and woodwork in a room with a warmer aspect.

A new window treatment would stimulate the interest of this sitting-room. Give it a new feeling . . .

The hatch and sideboard are good in themselves but an additional decoration would make them new again . . .

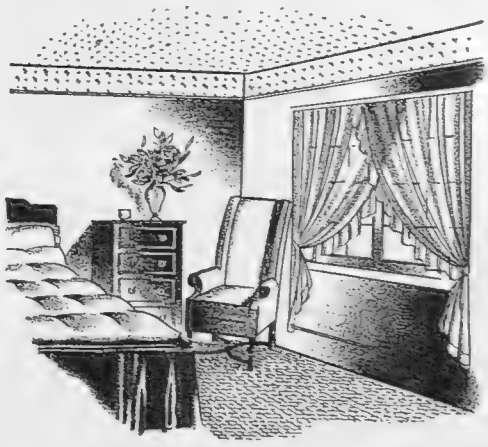
If you wanted to give this pretty bedroom a new twist, a fresh personality without drastic alterations . . .

Very neat, and very efficient as a kitchen, but just a little lacking in decorative interest . . .

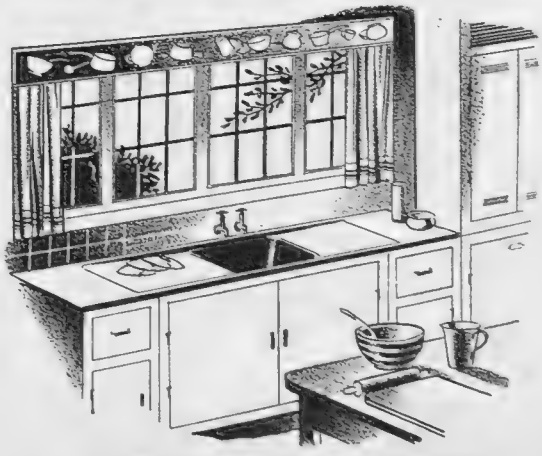


. . . This, for instance. A simple drapery arranged in a pleasing jabot effect. Extremely easy to make in rayon satin or in velvet

. . . Something like this. Coloured paper flowers cut from wallpaper or painted on the wall are amusing. The motif is repeated on the door



. . . It could be done like this. Sprigged paper on the ceiling. Coloured matting fitted to the floor. Muslin curtains at the window



. . . The pelmet makes the window a focal point. The decorations are cut out of coloured paper and stuck on the face of the pelmet board

Lovely Joan Bennett with her fair hair massed in curls on the top of her head, in the new style, dines in a Hollywood restaurant with the famous producer Walter Wanger, to whom she is married

Claudette Colbert with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, photographed at a recent Hollywood first night. They first met when Claudette Colbert went to consult the doctor about her health. Their house in Holmby Hills is one of the most popular of Hollywood's homes

Gene Markey, Hedy Lamarr. This Hugo Restaurant in opened his new season talking to Hedy

This Partnership

IF an invitation to meet Jean Ross, Irene Griffin, Claudette Pressman, Janet Adrian, Myrna Hornblow, Hedy Markey, Joan Wanger, Virginia Ruben, Margaret Hayward, Ann Pryor, Elizabeth O'Bryen, Gail Cobb, Wendy Gow, Merle Korda, Elsa Laughton, or Miriam Litvak arrived on the next post, I doubt if it would carry any special thrill. But the individual who turned down the invitation, with a muttered "never heard of one of them," would feel several kinds of an idiot when it became clear that he had failed to snatch a chance to meet Jean Arthur, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett, Virginia Bruce, Margaret Sullavan, Ann Sothern, Elizabeth Allan, Gail Patrick, Wendy Hiller, Merle Oberon, Elsa Lanchester and Miriam Hopkins.

Scratch a film star and you find a husband. A husband who is, in many cases, almost as famous in his own special profession as his wife is famous in hers. Over a million dinner tables arguments have surged back and forth on the subject of Wives who work; should they, or should they not? A slight

A picture taken just after their marriage of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, junior. He is a producer and you see his name when most of the Paramount Pictures are shown

Gail Patrick dining with her husband, Bob Cobb, who is the owner of three popular Brown Derby restaurants in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. He is a rich, astute man

Elizabeth Allan with her husband, William O'Bryen (Major W. O'Bryen, M.C.). He is a member of the firm of Messrs. O'Bryen, Linnit and Dunfee, famous film agents and theatrical producers

Ann Sothern and her band-leader husband, Roger Pryor, watching Fred Perry playing exhibition tennis matches at the West Side Tennis Club in Fox Hills

extreme left, with his beautiful wife, picture was taken at the Victor Beverly Hills, when Rudy Vallee with his orchestra. He is seen Lamarr and Adolphe Menjou

Irene Dunne, with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin (seen on the right) with some friends at the Opera in Hollywood. Dr. Francis Griffin is a famous dental surgeon, and met his wife when she was acting on the stage in New York, before she became a film star

Walter J. Rubens, film director, taking refreshments between the races at Santa Anita racecourse, with his wife, Virginia Bruce

Business

Some Husbands and Wives who are famous in different professions

By Margaret Chute

variation in theme switches the discussion to Husbands and Wives in Different Jobs; does such a combination ever lead to happiness and a peaceful home life?

Jean Arthur is married to a man who was a brilliant architect, but who is now on the production side of one of Hollywood's big studios, having given up his own career in New York to start a fresh one in the town where his wife must live, if her own career is to continue. Hedy Lamarr's husband is an author, who is also an associate-producer of big-money films, for a big-money studio. Claudette Colbert's husband is a highly-successful throat specialist. Irene Dunne is married to a New York dental surgeon. Virginia Bruce is the wife of one of Hollywood's most successful directors. Joan Bennett married, not long ago, a film producer whose name is steadily rising to the top in Hollywood's history. Merle Oberon is Mrs. Alexander Korda, which speaks for itself. Margaret Sullavan is married to a film and stage agent, one of the best and most successful of his kind in the world. Gail Patrick is the wife of a wealthy Hollywood restaurateur. And so the list winds on.

There are many big jumps between the daily life of ladies who decorate the screen, and the men who are fortunate enough to be their husbands. In a number of cases the famous husband and the celebrated wife do their jobs at different hours, and even in different cities. Yet it seems to work out well, one way and another. Conflicting interests do not appear to lead to conflict of another kind.

The stories behind some of these marriages are worth noting. Claudette Colbert married Dr. Joel Pressman because she has suffered from sinus trouble most of her life; and because a friend recommended her to let Dr. Pressman see if he could do anything to help her, when the trouble was particularly bad. So Claudette telephoned Dr. Joel Pressman, and fixed an appointment for one morning at twelve-thirty.

Now it happens that Miss Colbert, full of admirable qualities in most respects, has one besetting sin. She cannot be punctual for an appointment; any appointment. She tries hard enough, heaven knows; but something always comes along at the eleventh instant, and then she gets held up. So she is always late. And so surprised and sorry and apologetic that she should have failed to show up on time, or that (*Continued on page* 69)

Gilbert Adrian, who designs all the screen clothes for Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford and many other stars, playing a game of backgammon with his wife, Janet Gaynor. Picture was taken in their house in San Fernando Valley

HEALTH READJUSTMENTS

Circumstances being what they are, highly stimulating, but exacting and unpredictable, each of us is passing through a continual process of readjustment.

It would be absurd to imagine that this process does not react on health and place a greater strain on nerves, digestion and general strength, however quickly we may accept and weave the new conditions into our natural background.

The simplest practical ways of dealing with strain in its common forms are given here.

Indigestion Haste, worry and wrong feeding are the main causes, unless something is organically wrong, in which case other signs will be present, too.

Remedies are simple, providing you observe them. Never bolt your food; never be led into having a heavy meal when you are tired, or jam a heavy lunch into a working day. Let dinner be your chief repast. Consider the farm labourer, he has bread and cheese for lunch: cheese is simple, single and sustaining. Whitehall secretaries and ministers alike, prefer one course, either grilled fish, poached eggs, or a salad. Salad is the favourite. But neither mental nor manual workers can proceed at high pressure if the body is occupied *digesting*. Footballers play fasting.

Take a dessertspoonful of Glucose D at breakfast. It stimulates and will ward of fatigue acids—so dangerous to digestion—during the day. And don't tuck into a large dinner or a semi-fast without first breaking it with tea or an *apéritif* half an hour before the meal, just to get your organs and digestive juices tuned up before they're loaded.

Most people make for bicarbonate of soda as an antidote to flatulence and heartburn. It is swift and good, a strong alkali which neutralises acids, but in so doing rakes the digestive organs. That is why it is wiser to take a dessertspoonful of juice of wormwood before your food, it acts as a pre-digestive, or a cup of camomile or lime tea, peppermint, or just plain hot water after.

Do this, and if you vary a grilled course with a steamed, and a root vegetable with a leaf, you can't go wrong.

Neuralgia is a sure symptom of nerve strain and overloading. *An imperative call to stop.* You need only stop for a matter of twenty minutes or so, but don't be one of those foolish people who swallow an aspirin and plough straight on. Aspirin is a heaven-sent boon, it's effect is to relax all taut jarring nerves. If you deliberately keep those nerves taut by pressing on, you proceed against the action of the drug, and its effect may then be slightly lowering.

Keep quiet if you cannot lie down, rest in a darkened room is best. Crush and take the aspirin powdered. Have a glass of tea or hot milk ten minutes after. Then you will feel set up. If these attacks are frequent, carry a small tube of Bengue's Balsam in your bag, a streak over the affected parts will bring relief. Orange juice, milk, honey and eggs and plenty of cress should figure in your diet.

Devote ten minutes a day to seeing black. That is, sit with your eyes closed and cupped in the palms of your hands resting on a table. The field of vision inside your eyes will tend to be grey; if you are excited or nervy, it will be shot with rainbows. Think of some black object, easily, a coat, a hat. Let it grow larger, casually, until it swamps the grey. As soon as that happens you will be in swing, in perfect pitch, yet relaxed.

Sleeplessness Sleep is governed by habit, good digestion, an easy mind. If the rhythm of sleep is broken from night to night owing to one cause or another, a subconscious alertness may result, leading to various forms of wakefulness, which are most enervating.

Sleep may then be broken by sudden frequent and unaccountable wakings, or may not come at all until early morning.

The first step is to lose the fear of not sleeping. If you have a *white* night, what of it? Take it in your stride. Many of us fall asleep on hearing six o'clock strike, with the thought "Ah, now I shall have to get up in an hour." This thought of dailiness, of something about to start, snaps the sense of waiting, and straightway we relax into oblivion.

You should go to bed filled with thoughts about happy activity on the morrow. The notion that night is a period of nothingness causes a hiatus in continuity, and continuity is the basis of rhythm. Sleep should on no account be wooed, *in the mind*.

It can be wooed physically by eating an apple and munching it small; by taking a draught of St. John's Wort which is not a soporific (Continued on page 59)

Beauty

WITH A HOME-MADE ACCENT

Sixpenny Transformation. Buy as much yeast as you can from the chemist for 3d. and stir this with milk to a thick paste. Next, thoroughly cleanse your face and neck and smooth in a good nourishing cream without, however, leaving any sign of stickiness.

After this, cover yourself in the yeast-milk evenly and substantially and leave it for fifteen minutes. It will dry hard and easily peel away.

Soak the skin with a toning lotion: if your muscles incline to sag, or pouches form under the eyes, strengthen the "lift" conferred by the yeast by patting in a sound astringent. This will keep you looking fresher than you did five years ago, for at least a week. As for your first emergence from the yeast, you won't recognise yourself, fatigue has vanished, radiance materialises to the full with make-up. The white of a newly-laid egg, whisked as far as it will whisk and applied instead of the yeast-milk—after face-cleansing and nourishing—is a useful alternative. White of egg tightens relaxed contours more emphatically,

but is not so effective in reducing puffiness as yeast-milk. Leave this mask on for fifteen minutes and wipe off with skin tonic.

The point to remember with either white-of-egg or yeast-milk masks is the fulsome face-nourishing which should precede them, or these masks may overdraw and cockle the skin.

Easy Bleaching. The juice of a lemon which has been baked in the oven for ten minutes, beaten into an equal quantity of almond oil, whitens amazingly. It may seem at first as though the lemon and oil will refuse to mix, but by dint of stirring perseveringly they will produce an emulsion which will easily slip into a warmly-washed pore-opened skin. It should be swabbed off with witch-hazel after ten minutes, or the lemon will prove too drying. Follow on with nourishing cream, lavishly, and leave the face to rest for quarter of an hour before bracing with tonic or astringent for make-up.

Hiding a Flush. Cut a cucumber into circles half an inch thick. Place these on a plate which slants into a dish, so that the juice may run down it into the dish. Then pour it into twice the quantity of almond oil, bottle and shake before using. The thin cream which results is not only cooling, but casts a subduing film over broken veins or any weather-beaten angry flush. It is excellent also for calming down a red nose. To be used under a cosmetic foundation and left on. Cucumber is one of the finest soothing agents and complexion clarifiers.

Stopping a Spot. However virulent an oncoming spot, it can be stopped if it is frequently dabbed with spirits of camphor. Shake the bottle and use the inner side of the cork.

Two or three drops of spirits of camphor in water as a rinse after washing the face, bestow a dazzling fairness.

Cure for Acne. Take a dessertspoonful of zinc ointment, and lash into it a dessertspoonful of castor oil. Bathe your face with the two perfectly mixed, leaving the balm to work on the eruptions all night. This should clear and heal the blemishes after four applications.

Muslin around the face and neck will protect the pillow-slip, or place a towel over this. But you must have a fresh muslin or towel every night, and the castor oil and zinc must be newly mixed, and will be twice as efficacious if they are heated (in a container placed in water in a double saucepan) to a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit.

Castor oil expels and refines, zinc purifies. Both are aseptic, but you should let a week go by between the series of applications.

Setting Lotion Grows Hair. There is one so invigorating that it immediately stiffens over-fine or sparse hair into an appearance of twice its former quantity, so that the set to your head will look luxuriant. In the meantime it stimulates the follicles into shooting up fresh strands. The lotion is inexpensive and serves a double purpose.

To Remove Dandruff. Use a certain oil shampoo, instead of a soap one. If your hair has become lank, over-dry or lack-lustre, it will (Contd. on p. 59)

By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4.

On the Credit Side

OF the better things this strange war has done to us, release from the tyranny of the Annual Holiday rates high. For make no mistake about it, vacation days may be gone for years, if not for ever.

Speaking personally, I shall not care, for my first No-Holiday year has shown up the holiday bug which infects us all with St. Vitus's dance from July to September. It is a humbug, a glittery-jittery bug; a thing of boredom or excess, which, in either case, leaves us with a malaise hard to conquer. It is an expensive interruption of the rhythm of our daily life, and, speaking personally, I can get along without it very well.

Most of us, though, have seen the Annual Holiday dematerialise before our eyes without regret. For most of us are too busy for regrets. Instead, we have learned to treat our brief leisure — those precious "forty-eights" or "twenty-fours," that hardly won week-end—for what it is, a priceless gift snatched from the furnace of war.

We have learned how properly to use leisure, too, so that after our short respites we are able to carry on, instead, as so often happens after a Real Holiday, of feeling ready to be carried out.

On the credit side, then, let us put this . . . we have learned how to use our leisure.

On the credit side, too, must be put the money saved in this No-Holiday year. The cash in hand can be usefully employed in the purchase of War Bonds, and, as far as possible, in collecting practical necessities for the coming winter, like an extra blanket or two, stockings, underwear (and I mean underwear, not lingerie nonsense) or in bringing our domestic A.R.P. up to date.

But you and I are only human. And we would be as sub-human as a Nazi puppet if, during this most lovely summer, we had not paused a second in our hard endeavours to breathe a sigh of regret for the holiday that might have been.

Let us, then, take a backward glance at the holiday-that-might-have-been and see what we have missed through having it snatched away from us.

The annual question, "Where shall we go this summer?" turns up with the first crocus and continues to pop up until the roses start to bloom.

The respective merits of a holiday in Scotland are set against the cost of a cruise; the charms of Cheltenham (so central, dear) against the brassy allure of Brighton. Until, when everyone has decided it would be less fraying to the nerves to stay where we are, the head of the house Puts His Foot Down, Takes the Law into His Own Hands, and arrives home from the office with reservations for a Welsh mountain hotel and a Dictator's determination to fish for fish and let the family fish for themselves.

Of course, it rains in Welsh Wales (it always does), and, of course, it 's fine in Scotland (it always is when you don't go there), and, of course, the children catch colds, and you are left evening after evening to your tatting and fishermen's wives' tales, while the fishermen tell theirs in the bar.

Delight at returning home is mitigated by the sheaves of p.c.s which keep on arriving from friends, all of whom, it seems, are having "heavenly weather," and who *insist*, underlined, that "*we must all come here next year.*"

That 's one picture. Now look on this. It is the Remorse Holiday.

As July turns the corner into August, you say: "Well, I 'm off for my holidays, and This Year I 'm going to Enjoy Myself." And enjoy yourself you do, to the tune of a damaged liver, fatigue lines from all-night parties, a surfeit of hotel meals, and an overdraft which keeps you guessing at nights.

You left home a healthy, balanced human being, whose rhythm of life moved gently between work, play, sleep and adequate meals. You return a physical wreck, struggling to re-orientate yourself to normal conditions.

To add to your troubles, if you are young (or maybe not so young) and only moderately attractive, you have probably got holiday heartache as well. For this disease, time is the only balm.

When the promised letters do not materialise, and you realise that your holiday Romance, which crackled as brightly as a Catherine Wheel, has fizzled out as suddenly. The prospect of another eleven months and two weeks to wait before you can start looking for trouble again is black indeed.

You don't have these worries now. You have not had a holiday, but you have money in your pocket from your honest toil, and I dare swear a man in uniform who writes to you regularly even if you are unable to meet very often. So put that on the credit side, too.

HERE, then, are a few holiday horrors that we have escaped. There are others. Being in the right place with the wrong people. Being in the wrong clothes with the right people. The weather. The ghastly pre-holiday preparations and the still more ghastly post-holiday settling down and settling up. All these things we have missed and they may be placed on the credit side of our No-Holiday Year.

And on the debit side?

Well, let 's just close our minds to those. To the hot sun on our naked flesh. To the gurgle of hidden streams down green hillsides. To the lap of waves and the wild cry of gulls as they swoop between blue sky and bluer sea. . . .

Close your minds to these things, but never forget that they belong to us. That they will wait for us. Meanwhile we have a war to win.

By Lynne Joyce

Square toes flatter the feet by making them look small, and are strong autumn favourites. Here is a suede shoe stitched and thonged across the front, with a matching crepe sole. Obtainable in blue, brown, and black. Norvic, 21/9

SURE-FOOTED

THIS IS THE AUTUMN WHEN WOMEN WILL WALK WITH A MAGNIFICENTLY YOUTHFUL SWING, SURE-FOOTED AS MOUNTAIN GOATS, TRIUMPHANTLY PATRIOTIC IN THEIR LOW-HEELED SHOES THAT SAVE WOOD FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

SQUARE TOES MATCH SQUARED SHOULDERS, BRAVE COMBINATIONS OF COLOUR WILL LEND GAIETY TO THE MOST PRACTICAL OF SHOES, EYELETS HAVE A SWAGGERING MECHANISED LOOK WITH THEIR BRASS RIMS AND INSETS OF COLOUR, AND CLUMPY-LOOKING CREPE SOLES HAVE BECOME DECORATIVE WITH CORRUGATED EDGES AND UNUSUAL COLOUR SCHEMES.

Crepe soles, no longer merely practical, play an important part in autumn colour schemes, for they frequently contrast with the uppers. This shoe in navy sealskin has a corrugated crepe sole and heel in deep beige. Norvic, 29/9

This Vani-Tred shoe, styled in New York and made here by British manufacturers on the American fitting system, is a town-wear brogue, with a medium heel and a punched tongue. 32/9

The Flare-Fit innersole of this brown suede Monk shoe balances your foot as though it were held by a gentle hand, supporting and strengthening the muscles of the arch. Styl-Eez, 35/9

A shoe for town or country tweeds, available in all the new autumn colours. Calf and lizard calf are cleverly combined to give a neat, light effect. London Shoe Company, 35/-

Selberite Arch Preserver models have a natural treadbase and a steel arch support that relieves all strain. Each is made in over sixty fittings. Here is one of their shoes, priced at 42/-, and made in black, brown, or blue glace kid

Clothes Common Sense

NOW more than ever, with small change taking the place of large for most of us, clothes common sense is an enviable quality.

You don't possess it if you are a clutterer-upper (a full wardrobe, an occasion, and nothing to wear); or a fashion fanatic (wearing current lines and colours regardless of your own lines and colours); or a bad assembler (tailored suit, chiffon blouse, wedge heels, a gas-mask in a tin).

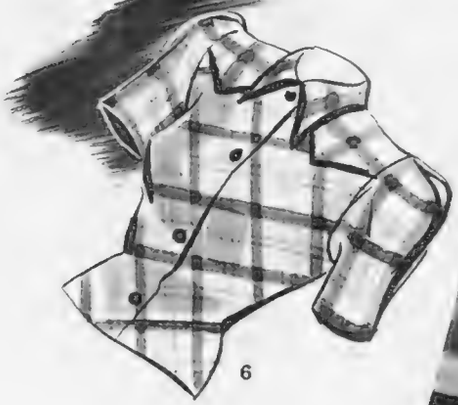
You do possess it if you know what to leave out and when; if you don't succumb to irresistible urges which never see the light of days or nights; if you always take the future as well as the present into account when planning; if, with a seasoning of inexpensive tit-bits and a dash of ingenuity, you can re-hash two-year-old affairs into the semblance of fresh dishes; more than all, if you can make two and two add up to ten.

Define clothes common sense as the capacity for buying small and mixing large, as in the reasonably priced outfit drawn on these pages.

A long coat, a short jacket, an angora sweater to go over all you have; a dress to wear alone, with a fur, with the sweater or either coat; the friendly odd skirt and jumpers. It doesn't sound much, but work out for yourself how many combinations of outfits there are.

The dress and jacket photographed on the facing page starts another train of thought. Around this, working on similar lines, and keying your colours, you could build a different, equally distinctive wardrobe.

5



6

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Women's Department

7

1. Well-squared shoulders, unusual in a woolly, distinguish this fluffy cardigan in hydrangea blue angora. Dickins and Jones.

2. Burgundy woollen, particularly soft, with a flat draped neckline, a close rib fit marked by tiny tucks, a gored skirt. Selfridge's.

3. Thigh-length tailored jacket in green woollen, buttoning up to a collarless neckline (Dickins and Jones), over a black woollen skirt, box pleated all round with slim hip fit. Simpson's.

4. Vivid blue smooth woollen coat, with high revers, front buttoning in V formation, huge patch pockets and back fullness springing from a pulled-in waist. Harrod's.

5. Shantung overblouse, pinky purple ground with natural spots and interesting piping detail. Simpson's.

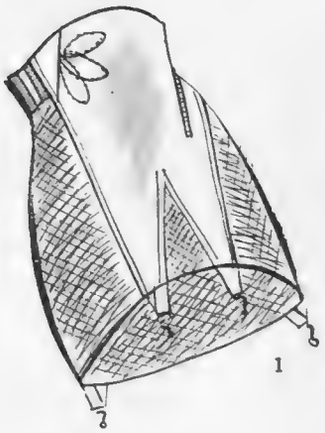
6. This type of brilliant check shirt can be bought in most of the good stores. If you are making one, choose a Viyella 36 fabric—there is a beauty with a two-toned grey ground, and an irregular check design in blue, green and red.

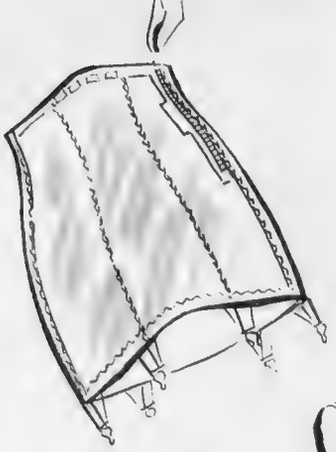
7. Long jacket in herring-bone tweed worn over a brown woollen shirt-maker dress. Dorville.

8. Grey felt with a new up brim, with burgundy ribbon and a grey and burnt brown feather trim. Peter Jones.

With all these clothes you could wear burgundy and black shoes and handbag, for town, and any mad colour you fancy for the country.

8





EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL

The effect of a good foundation is moral as well as physical. It gives the feeling of well-being, of being knit together.

Now, more than ever, we need this two-fold support. It is a part of good health as much as of good appearance. Moreover, as good clothes become more costly the need for perfect corsetry is obvious, so that we may achieve the good line, the correct silhouette that good clothes impart.

Here is a selection of scientific and comfortable girdles, corselettes and brassières. Each has a special purpose. Each will help you to keep everything under control.

1. A Le Gant girdle giving the nipped-in waistline. In Youthlastic with satin back panel stretching vertically only and side panels stretching both ways.

2. Caprice girdle in satin and Lastex. Back and front panels of satin stretch vertically only. The Zip fastener is specially designed for corsets, providing a flexible, seamlike closure.

3. Le Gant corselette of open-weave silk stretching both ways. The Flatterback feature is a Lastex satin panel stretching down, but not across. The front panel is of rigid satin. A long-line garment with a lace uplift brassière.

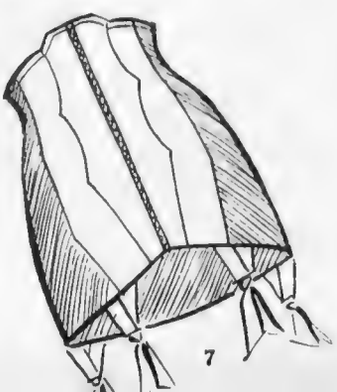
4. The Caprice diaphragm-control brassière for fuller figures is of lace reinforced behind the diaphragm panel. Insets of stitched satin give further uplift to the breasts.

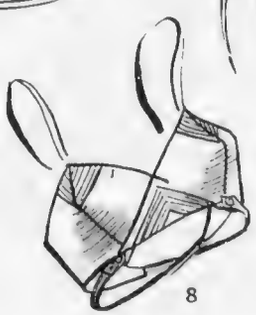
5. Spencer foundations are individually designed, cut and made for the women who are to wear them. This corset smoothes away bulges, supports sagging muscles and corrects other figure faults. It is light and flexible and superbly comfortable to wear.

6. An outstanding feature of the Kemplas brassière is the patent pivotal control. The diaphragm section has overlapping flaps joined by elastic bands giving side to front expansion and automatic self-adjustment to individual measurements. In lace and satin.

7. This is a Kestos girdle made in fine quality Lastex net with faggot-stitched front panel of Batiste, as well as a new method of boning. Obtainable in small, medium or large sizes.

8. Kestos High Line brassière gives easy freedom and perfect control. The secret of High Line's effectiveness lies in adroit cut and skilful design. Shoulder-straps and the elastic strap fasteners are self-adjusting. In Batiste, Jap silk or crepe-de-Chine.





On Duty—*and Off*

By Jane Gordon

WHAT fun it would be if the population of New York and London could be changed over just for one week. We would have the infinite pleasure of seeing sixty storeys and upwards of skyscrapers glowing with electric light by night and the shop windows of Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue full of gay merchandise entirely unconnected with war. We would see their new shows and dance to the latest "hits," and for one week it would be nice to forget blackouts, A.R.P., L.D.V.s, and all those other alphabetical labels that fill up so much time and thought at the moment. The New Yorkers, on the other hand, would get a much needed rest from the horrors of half-hourly wireless war bulletins, which are obviously racking their nerves almost beyond endurance. They would be able to settle down peacefully in London, and though they might find the life dull at least they would be able to relax. A week of quiet relaxation would certainly give them peace of mind and this would make it easy for them to go back to New York and face the situation calmly and bravely. The crying need for this was brought home to me the other day when I received a letter from an American friend of mine who had spent the first ten months of the war in England and enjoyed her life thoroughly, but, having crossed the Atlantic and spent three weeks in New York, became a first-class "jitterbug" from sheer war nerves. There is something about the Atlantic Ocean which seems to magnify the war situation out of all proportion from west to east.

On Duty

THE game of strapping window-panes with brown tape did not appeal to me in the slightest degree, but just lately I have had great fun and capers painting windows with the A.R.P. Shatter Resisting Mixture. This costs 9s. 6d. a quart, which is enough for twelve large windows, and it comes in two tins numbered Process S.R. 1 and 2. You can either brush or spray it on.

I bought a large flat brush 2 inches wide for one shilling. You have to be careful to use only one stroke of the brush down the window-pane. If you do more than one stroke the solution is too thick.

The coating is milky and opaque when you first put it on, but dries quite transparent after one or two hours. When for one reason or another the clearing is not complete you apply S.R. No. 2, which has a clearing action on the No. 1.

As soon as you have finished all the painting with S.R. No. 1, you wash the brush thoroughly in warm, soapy water, and after using S.R. No. 2 you wash the brush out in acetone. Incidentally, be careful not to get the acetone near your varnished nails or the varnish will come off.

For an ordinary window-pane four stripes of the solution are sufficient. You must put it on from the top downwards and not try to do fancy painting diagonally or cross-barred. This will protect your windows from bomb blast and shrapnel splinters, it will resist heat and cold, and another advantage is that it can be washed and cleaned like ordinary windows. You can also get little extra tins for 3s. and 5s., or 5s. 6d., I forget which.

For large French windows they have cellophane A.R.P. window tape. This costs 12s. 6d. for 36 yards and is 4 inches wide. Like the Shatter Resisting Mixture, it is transparent, and for big windows looks rather well stuck on diagonally.

SAID a senior probationer to me the other day, "Please, nurse, I wonder if you could give me a little advice about my nails. Every time I try to grow them to a decent length they split." She held them out for me to examine, and it was a pity that they were getting broken, because she has nice nails and they are well shaped. The trouble, I think, was partly caused by brass cleaning and disinfectants, and also by cutting the nails with scissors and using a steel file. I suggested that she should shape her nails with an emery-board only and be careful to use it with one-way strokes. To protect the nails she is painting the ends with a little collodion, which will help guard them against disinfectants and polishing as well as other rough work.

SEVERAL members of the staff have been asking advice upon various beauty problems and I have amused myself working out how many items which are always "on tap" in hospital you could use as beauty preparations, if necessary.

Here are a few tips: (1) If you are bothered by dandruff, take two drachms (teaspoonfuls) of powdered borax and mix in a cup of warm water. Rub this (*Continued on p.* 61)

Off Duty

THE War seems to have placed us in the same position as the good old-fashioned English servant. We have learnt how to "keep ourselves to ourselves," and this goes for fashion as well as fighting, which is a good thing in a way, because we will learn how to dress ourselves without any assistance from other people. For the time being we must do without the Paris fashion houses and we can no longer count on American shoes and American stockings or inexpensive American dresses, but cheer up, this need not cause you either "alarm or despondency." The English wholesale houses have produced collections which are, in fact, just as attractive as anything bearing the mark of Hollywood or New York.

AT Spectator Sports they are showing one of the best collections I have ever seen. They have a new jersey material which is so beautifully woven you could easily mistake it for a heavy crepe or marocain, and yet it is fine enough to drape in the same fashion as the famous Alix models. The little girl silhouette, with the full skirt, nipped-in waist and shirt top, is used for many of the practical day dresses. The numbers which I liked particularly include the following: No. 716, a mustard-coloured jersey with a shirt bodice and swing skirt, which has two very full panels inset at the front. Large brown leather arrows outline the top of these panels and are placed low down on the hips like slit pockets. The same arrows are used for slit breast pockets and the back of the bodice is pouched over at the waist. Much the same silhouette is used for No. 663, which is a black jersey dress. There is a certain amount of drapery at the yoke. The sleeves are short.

ANOTHER black jersey dress is No. 667. Fine shirring on the bodice accentuates the bust-line and is carried into a plain band.

The full skirt panels have a bow at the top of each well below the waist-line and the very narrow belt has a bow in the centre front and is fastened by a jewelled buckle at the back. The sleeves of this dress are long. The Royalist of royal blue jerseys is used for No. 694, which has an accordion knife-pleated skirt and a bodice tailored like a shirt. No. 680 is a slim black dress with a wide waist-band of olive-green and clover-pink silk jersey draped diagonally. The short sleeves are rucked and there is a bunch of clover at the neck.

AN entrancing little dress of beaver brown jersey has large patch pockets placed low down over the hips, a full front panel and tailored shirt bodice. Another little dress of "slashing pink" jersey has enormously wide box pleats stitched well down over the hips and a shirt top with double slit breast pockets. A mustard-coloured tweed coat, No. 679, is single-breasted and slimly tailored, fastened with matching bone buttons, which also outline the (*Continued on p.* 61)

WOOLLY STEP-INS

combining cosiness, smooth fit, delicate look

Materials.—4 oz. 3-ply vest wool ; 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 12 pins ; 1 yd. ribbon ; 3 buttons.

Measurements.—Length from centre front to top of button-catch, 19½ in. ; across widest part, 20 in.

Tension.—20 sts. to 1 inch.

THE BACK

With No. 10 pins, cast on 30 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2¾ in. Continue in the following pat. : casting on 4 sts. (one complete pat.) at the beg. of every row, until 70 sts. Then 8 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 134 sts.

1st Row.—k.

2nd Row.—k. 2*, p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row.—k. 2*, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from * to end.

4th Row.—as 2nd. 5th row as 1st. 6th row as 2nd.

(Continued on opposite page)

Materials.—7 oz. 3-ply La Laine wool in apple-green ; 1 oz. of the same wool in "Ember Rust" ; a pair of Nos. 9 and 11 needles ; a fine crochet-hook.

Measurements.—Round bust, 34 in. ; sleeve seam, 18 in. ; length, 19 in.

Tension.—8 st. and 11 rows to 1 inch.

THE BACK

Cast on 126 sts. with No. 11 needles and rust wool. Work stocking st. for 1½ in. Change to green wool and with purl side of rust facing, work following pattern :

1st Row.—k. 1*, p. 4, k. 2, repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 4, k. 1.

2nd Row.—(and all alternate rows) k. the p. st. and p. the k. st. of previous row as in stocking st.

3rd Row.—k. 2, * p. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to end, ending k. 2.

5th Row.—k. all.——**7th Row.**—As 3rd.

DRESSY JUMPER

apple green edged with rust, buttoning on shoulders

9th Row.—As first.——**11th Row.**—p. all.

12th Row.—k. all.

Repeat from 1st to 12th rows throughout, until there are 5 in. Now change to No. 9 needles and work 2 in. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 138 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 13 in. (incl. rust). k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 102 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8 in. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 42 sts. Change to No. 11 needles and rust wool, and work 2 rows all k. Change to green again and continue k. for 6 rows. Change to rust and work 2 rows. Cast off. Work 3 rows double crochets along shoulder edges in green.

THE FRONT

Cast on and work as back until there are 5 in. round armhole curve. Now work 44 sts., (Continued on page 63)

7th row.—K. 2, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2; rep. from * to end.

8th row.—As 2nd. (These 8 rows make patt.)

Work 3 ins. without shaping. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 114 sts. Continue until work measures 11 ins., measured down the side edges of work. Change to No. 12 needles, rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. for 6 ins. Cast off.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 30 sts. Rib ½ in. k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonholes. Rib 3 sts.; cast off 4, rib 7; cast off 4, rib 7; cast off 4, rib 3.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast on 4; rib 7, cast on 4; rib 7, cast on 4; rib 3.

Now continue as for the back, until work measures 6 ins. after the waist shaping.

SHAPE THE TOP

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Now work on the 1st 49 sts. Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 33 sts. remain, then cast off 2 at the beg. of every row until 9 sts. remain. Cast off. Return to the other 49 sts., join on wool, and work to correspond.

THE EDGINGS

With No. 11 needles cast on 11 sts., work as follows:

1st row.—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—*K. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end.

4th row.—P. 2, * m. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 4 rows, and work 2 strips 22 ins. for the legs; 1 strip 34 ins. for top.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side seams, sew on edgings. Sew on buttons, work buttonholes, sew on ribbon for shoulder straps.

MOCK WAISTCOAT

achieved with light sleeves and collar, dark body

MATERIALS

5 oz. Harrap's Sirdar Majestic, 4-ply wool in nigger; 5 oz. of the same wool in stone; 1 pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

6 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. in the stocking st.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 84 sts. in dark wool. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. at the beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 102 sts. Work on in this width until side seam measures 12 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 78 sts. Work on in this width until armholes measure 4 ins. round curve.

Now divide for opening by working 39 sts. Leave others on holder until later. Continue straight on these 39 sts. until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are 15 sts. Cast off. Work other side the same. Pick up 30 sts. along each edge with No. 9 needles and work ½ in. all k. in dark wool.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 8 needles and light wool, cast on 56 sts. Work following pattern:

1st row (right side of work):—* P. 2, then pull the 2nd st. on left-hand needle through the 1st and k. it, then k. into back of 1st st. Work next 2 sts. in same way; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 2.

2nd row.—K. the p. st. and p. the 4 crossed sts. of previous row. Continue these 2 rows for 3 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Now work straight until there are 16½ ins. along the side seam. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 26 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 6 ins. round curve (instead of 4). Now work 30 sts., cast off 18, work 30. Continue on these 30 sts. and k. 2 tog. on neck edge on every row until there are 24 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

THE COLLAR (both pieces alike)

Cast on 50 sts. with No. 8 needles and light wool. Work the sleeve patt. for 3 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew press studs to back opening. Sew on collar. Sew in sleeves.

ABBREVIATIONS

K = Knit; P. = Purl; M. = Make; S. = Slip; St. = Stitch or Stitches; Tog. = Together; Beg. = Beginning; D.C. = Double Crochet; St. St. = Stocking Stitch; Inc. = Increase; Dec. = Decreasing; Pat. = Pattern; Ins. = Inches.

How to keep warm this winter within the bounds of strictest economy, is going to exercise the ingenuity of the cleverest housewife. For the price of warmth, whether it be clothing, coal, blankets or food, has risen to frightening proportions. Hundreds of households are now filled to capacity with evacuees and friends and relations from the danger areas, and not all of these have brought adequate bed coverings for winter with them. The cost of blankets being what it is, here is a necessity which looks like making a hole in the budget. Fortunately, there is a splendid substitute for blankets now on the market, a blanket-eiderdown filled with finest kapok and down. It is beautifully warm, yet light, and the price is extremely moderate compared with an all-wool blanket. It has plain sides, so that it can be tucked in like an ordinary blanket. In white and cheerful colours, from 11s. 9d.

Feet have surely never worked so hard as now. Marching, standing over lathe or army cook pot, digging for victory or just carrying on with the daily duties that keep our home fires burning. All of this means that it is essential not to let our feet Fifth Column us and let us down in emergency. The best way to avoid this disaster is to make our feet our friends, not our enemies, and never, never, never treat them like slaves. It is perhaps too much to ask any one to-day to have frequent foot treatments or even to spend a minute or two each day on massage. So here is a way that takes up no time and will keep your feet fighting fit right round the clock. When you go to bed at night, slip on a pair of medicated socklets. These will take the tiredness out of your feet while you sleep, and will help to ward off rheumatism and chilblains. They are 4s. 11d. a pair, complete with remedicating outfit.

An air raid precaution which many people overlook is the protection of the teeth from the effects of blast. Reaction at the moment of explosion largely depends on whether the mouth is open or closed. If closed, force of blast may dislocate the jaw-bones. And even if the mouth is in a normal position, blast may cause you to injure the tongue with the teeth. Ears, also, are in danger through having the mouth closed, for you are then dependent on the nasal passages for air to pass to the inside of the ear drums. A sudden inrush of air can damage the drums. A dental shock absorber to be held between the teeth during air raids, acts as a buffer between blast and damage to teeth, tongue and ears. It is made of specially cut rubber, and has a cord sling so that it can be worn round the neck under the clothing. 1s. 11d.

Mary Young's

FINDINGS

for your

KEEPINGS

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

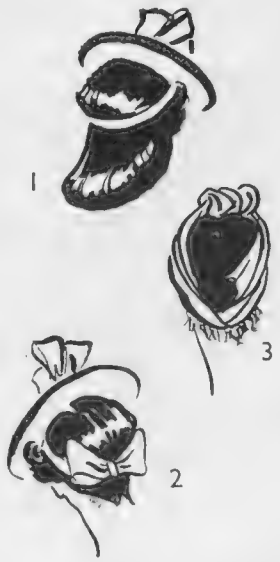
Women in uniform need to exercise the greatest care with regard to personal freshness. For uniforms are hot, the job in hand is usually hot, and it is imprudent to retire for a rub down and a quick change with the sergeant's eye upon you. A perfumed deodorant twin, consisting of powder and liquid, meet the requirements of the Service woman, for they can be carried about conveniently. The blue flaçon of powder just fits the tunic pocket. The powder destroys stale odour instantly, leaving in its stead a refreshing fragrance. A W.A.A.F. said to me: "I dust the powder inside the sleeves of my shirt and tunic to prevent my uniform getting a musty smell and to save cleaners' bills." Prices: powder, 3s. 6d.; liquid, 2s. 6d.

The approach of autumn warns us all to put our domestic A.R.P. in order. One of the more common of the blackout offences is the switching on of a light in a spare room or store room, and forgetting it. This danger should be eliminated now, before the long nights are upon us. An excellent invention is a blackout ventilator. With this simple fixture there is no need for blackout curtains, and the windows of store room, larder or lavatory can be left open. The ventilator is well made in strong wood ready painted in black. It is easily fixed to cardboard or plywood cut to the size of the window to be covered. It can be had in any length, but the width is standard—six inches. If desired, the ventilator can be supplied complete with ply frames at a small extra cost. The price of standard ventilator is 4s. 3d.

The woman who is a regular henna user finds that it gives the hair a reddish tinge. Hardly noticeable at first, if the henna is used over a long period, the redness becomes very pronounced. Hair that once was a soft brown or black becomes a blaring, brassy red. A new process has eliminated all trace of red from henna. All the valuable tonic and astringent qualities associated with this beauty aid for thousands of years (I mean thousands, for Egyptian beauties used henna in the days when King Tutankhamen was on his throne) are present without its one drawback—the reddening. This new discovery can be used at home with confidence; as a shampoo or as a henna application. In the latter case, it is brushed in with a toothbrush, left on for a period and washed off with the shampoo recommended by the makers. A packet costs sixpence.

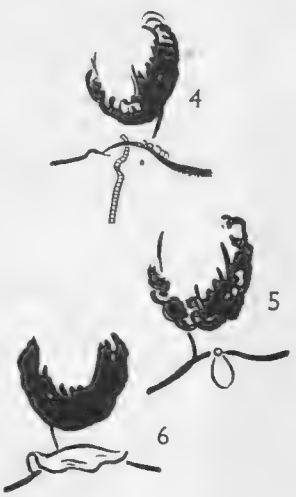
MIND YOUR BACKS PLEASE

Your mirror on the wall may say you look superb, but what about your hand mirror—the mirror most of us so frequently forget? This hand, or back-reflecting mirror gives you the low-down and high-up of your follower's eyeview. Most of your neighbours see your back more often than your face, and you should not have the temerity to look the world in the face unless you have looked at your own back view first. There are dozens of very common little carelessnesses that precede us down the street every day.

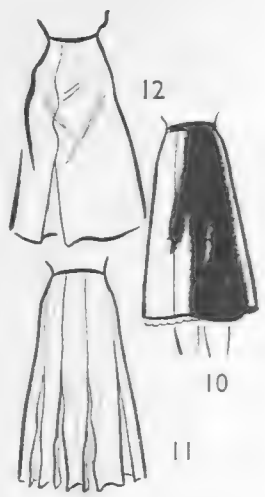


Don't let a long straggle of curls get mixed with your collar at the back because a long hair line suits you from the front. Don't let a row of frizz-curls edge a head of streakily greasy hair, even though those curls look like a halo of glory around your face. See that your hat is on correctly, and suits your hair style. A hat elastic or ribbon catching up a long turned-under bob in its grip can give a swollen headed or thatched look (1). A smart hair cut should never carry a wide ribbon bow (2). A turban over a shingle with untidy whiskers straying down below is a definite offence (3).

Mind that dowager's hump. Another hump almost as ugly, but not so difficult to repair, is the zipp hump (4) that bulges out when your neck's zipp fastening refuses to lie flat. With necklace wearers there is always the danger of large beads making an ugly line away from a frock, or getting under the back of a frock and giving a necklace hump. If you are your own dressmaker you may have put one single fastening at the back of a small neck opening, and this opens in a large and untidy shape (5). Collars can look neat in the front and set so badly at the back (6); they can, if white, be grubby; if dark, be sprinkled with combings and powder.

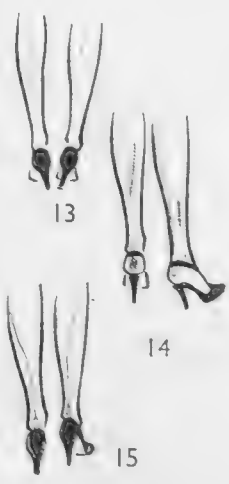


Of all the behind-your-back offenders the skirt is the worst. While the front of the skirt is hardly showing its age at all, the back may be depressed and sagging. It may have been sat on regularly for weeks and pressed only by a tail—never by an iron. The bulge may have taken up the hemline, leaving a slip showing at the hem (10). Pleats may gape or wriggle out of shape (11), or a single inverted pleat may have entirely forgotten its place, and be immitating a gore (12). A figure that needs corsets may proclaim its freedom to the world in an unsightly, wobbly movement. Corsets that are too short may keep half the bulges in, releasing others. It may be difficult for you to get this low back view, but remembering that every one else gets it should make you careful. Always be sure that your skirts and coat skirts are not creased and ill-brushed.



Seams will give away, and sometimes in places that only show, when you stretch, to other people—at the back of your sleeve for instance. Down-the-back buttons will come undone if you're not careful (7). Belts that cling to your waist-join in the front will go crazy at the back and make a very untidy show, maybe due to a difficult waistline, an above-corset bulge, or a dragging dress (8). There is, of course, a mental attitude of "what's behind doesn't matter," in which girls swing an untidy buckle or bow around to the back. This is unforgivable carelessness. Make sure that the bow at your back is well tied. Another ensemble-ruiner is the ugly gas mask. Slung out of self-sight it may be green, yellow or leopard, in complete disharmony with your outfit. It may be unfastened, untidy, or grubby (9). It is a definite wartime appendage, so make the best of it.

Achilles had a heel. Most of us have an Achilles heel—where our stockings go quickest, shoes twist and give, and mud splashes in the winter. The heels of our shoes are so important not only to our appearance, not only to the happiness of passers-by, but to our health. A badly turned heel on the woman in front can give a feeling of physical distaste, not only because of the untidiness, but because you know what this heel is doing to the foot it is supporting (13). Another thing that is not so common, but far too common, is the little bump that many people develop to-day because they wear shoes with the back too short for their feet—leaving an overlap of flesh that may become corny. Carelessness is the only cause of bad darns and stocking holes when shoes are backless (14). And an everyday fault is the crooked stocking seam that ruins the shape of your leg, whether slim or plump (15).



LIGHTING UP TIME

(Top of page downwards.)

Local lighting is decorative and best for blackout purposes. Table lamps give this fireside a comfortable intimacy before the fire is lit.

The light inside the draped bedhead is practical as well as attractive. This draping is by no means difficult to arrange and could be carried out inexpensively in rayon satin or coloured Madras.

Against a shiny painted wall a delicate wall light throws enchanting pools of colour. The lamps on each side of the beds give additional illumination without glare.

The curtains shown in this picture are lined with black and the wood pelmet is slatted in front to admit the fresh air from the open window.

Every evening blackout time advances a little, a sure reminder that home lighting for the winter must soon come up for attention.

Lighting has always been important, both from the decorative and the practical standpoint, but its interest and its importance have increased immensely since the war. This, in part, is because the psychological effect of lighting is so high in a blacked-out world.

Before the war, lighting in most homes, though not always highly decorative, was at least adequate from the point of view of seeing. Then came the darkness, giving rise to incalculable gloom, not to mention injuries to sight.

Last winter we all suffered from inexperience in these matters, but it will be a pity if we let it happen in the coming winter for the want of a little preparation and forethought.

In any case we shall be spending a good deal of time at home in the evenings and in order that surroundings should be stimulating and cheerful, it would be wise to plan a system of lighting specially adapted to present conditions, before the winter really sets in.

The first aim of lighting in normal times is to create an atmosphere of restfulness and beauty, with sufficient light at all essential points to permit close work when necessary. This still applies, but with the reservations that blackout conditions impose.

Portable lamps giving local lighting are unquestionably best for present use. They are decorative, they can be moved about at will into positions that will give the best light where it is most needed. In the same way the strongest light is shielded from the windows and doors.

Colour sprayed lamps are good to bear in mind for some purposes, because of the softly-tinted light they shed. In halls and passages where there is no need for brilliant illumination but more for an effect of comfort and charm, they are specially suitable, and so soft that the difficulties of screening windows and doors is minimised.

A specially good lamp is made in the form of a portable bracket arranged for hanging on to the picture rail. The arm of the bracket where the light point is situated can be raised or lowered as you wish. It is also adjustable to an upright position or to the drop shade position.

It is a completely portable unit and a very real convenience since it can be used as a bed light, for reading in any part of the room in any room of the house. It is decorative, too, and yet robust. In antique brass the lamp costs 31s. 6d. without the shade, and in chromium 37s. 6d.

A solution to the problem of the hall light shining through the front door when it opens, is offered by the simple expedient of fitting an automatic switch such as is frequently used in cupboards and pantries.

With this switch the hall light is dimmed immediately upon the front door being opened. It is at once restored as the door is closed.

No elaborate adjustments are required to make this system effective. An electrician can fix it for you in quite a short time and at a relatively low cost.

Most important among questions relating to lighting is that of the blackout (Continued on page 68)

A new season is beginning. Your home is swinging over to a new rhythm, the rhythm of winter.

Shopkeepers have always made a practice of clearing out old stock before the new season starts. It is good business. It infuses life into the place, brings it up to date, increases efficiency. The same thing applies to the home, why not an annual clearance there?

This is certainly the moment for it. We have long evenings and days indoors ahead when new plans and new routines can be devised at leisure, when the exigencies of war demand a much higher standard of efficiency in the home.

Old methods and worn out equipment will not do in these times. Our whole outlook must be adapted to the needs of the times. We must be shrewd, efficient, ready to take every opportunity of keeping our homes running smoothly, confidently and comfortably.

A good clearance will help, a sort of moral and material inventory, not only of equipment, of furniture and decorations but of methods and systems, too. By this means one can get down to an analysis of the things that have not been going too well in the home during the summer; of the things that could be improved and rendered more adaptable to present conditions.

With this knowledge, one can get busy on a thorough clearance of all those things that have been interfering with a hundred per cent score for efficiency.

Start with the furniture. Is it all beautiful or useful or both? Or would a clearance here and there be an improvement?

For instance, that wardrobe in the second bedroom. It is good and solid but you have known for years that it occupies far more space than you can spare. You hang on to it because it seems wasteful to throw it out. We all do these things, but is it wise?

If it is true that the wardrobe in the second bedroom is really only a receptacle for rubbish and that you have plenty of hanging space in the cupboards why not dispense with it? You could arrange the room to look much prettier without it. You might perhaps bring in another single bed, and that *would* be convenient.

The same applies to that elderly armchair in the sitting-room. Nobody loves it. Without it you could make room for the occasional table on which you have been wanting to place a reading lamp. In fact, the whole scheme of the room could be reset if that old armchair were banished.

These clearances are very stimulating. You never know how much rubbish there is round a house until you strip off your rose-colour glasses and get right down to facts.

Take linen. Most homes could do with a final clearance in this department. Old sheets, scrappy tablecloths, pillow cases past their prime can either be renovated or turned into something quite different.

Linen is going to be scarce. Nothing but the end of the war can save us from that, so we can all pocket our pride about turning the sides of sheets to the middles.

Pillow cases with damaged hemstitching are easy to handle. You just take off the old hems and replace them with lace, or with fresh linen hems. The joins can be covered with narrow straight braid or with rick-rack.

Turning shabby tablecloths into dinner and tea napkins is simple, too. Ragged sheets make good bandages, and you can't have too many in reserve.

While you are at it run your critical eye over utensils. All those metal gadgets you've bought and never use will swell the country's reserves of scrap metal.

Get rid of thin saucepans and furred-up kettles. It is difficult to make a success of economical cookery while you keep them.

China and glass is worth inspecting. All those odd plates and saucers, the tea pots with chipped spouts and tureen covers with no handles could be cleared out with advantage to the home and to you.

When these things have been dealt with look round at all the equipment you've collected. Tackle the things that have been giving you trouble.

For instance, will you go on putting up with a dining-room chimney that needs sweeping every two months? A change over to a smokeless fuel grate would put an end to all that and it is not an expensive change, moreover coke and smokeless fuels may be easier to come by than coal in the winter ahead.

Finally, there are systems and routines to be checked over. If you are conscious that nothing goes really smoothly in your house, analyse your routines until you find out what the trouble really is. It may be something big or it may be trifling.

Perhaps getting up a half an hour earlier in the morning will enable you to catch up on your day, to end that rush that seems to begin when you step out of bed and only ends when you are back there again.

Begin your Annual Clearance with some careful observation, and when you start the clearance be determined. Make a proper job of it and bring a new feeling of efficiency into the home.

Is your cooking apparatus really up to the task that lies before it? It does seem contradictory in an economy drive to think of replacing these things until you realise that lasting economics can only be effected by scrapping obsolete methods and utensils.

The kitchen range you have found satisfactory in the past might be all the better for inclusion in your annual clearance. Or implemented perhaps by some apparatus that uses less fuel and which conserves the food. In addition, the vital health-giving juices of the food are conserved and there is a minimum of wastage.

Waste brings us to an important factor in a campaign of clearance, because waste now has a significance entirely different than before. While you are conducting your annual clearance of the home, bear in mind that many things, hitherto branded as useless, have now an urgent and a national importance. So get busy with your clean-up in the knowledge that your country as well as your home may be the better for it.

September

This month you can almost forget about rationing and, when you plan your daily meals, draw upon the bountiful produce of our own good land. September does us proud. For vegetables you still have runner beans and marrows, yet the first brussels sprouts are heartening up.

Blackberries and damsons, apples and pears, are coming in, and plums are in splendid and prodigal season. From the fields you can pick the best and most delicately flavoured mushrooms of the year—the ones that grow free. Native wild rabbits are here again, and if you are lucky you can serve partridge as the week's high spot. Pork is officially "in."

Look round at the plentiful produce of cottage gardens that decorates the village church, and base your menus on the Harvest at Home.

Vegetable Marrow Soup. *One medium-sized marrow; 1½ pints milk; three tablespoonfuls top milk; bacon rinds; salt and pepper.* Peel, slice and take seeds from marrow. Cook till tender in boiling, salted water. Drain in a colander. Now take a sieve, and rub the marrow through it into a saucepan. Heat the milk to boiling point, and add it to the marrow. Season well with salt and pepper, and put in the bacon rinds.

Cook gently for about fifteen minutes. Take aside from the fire, remove bacon rinds and stir in the cream from the milk. Heat again before serving with croûtons of fried bread.

Marrow Cheese. *One medium-sized marrow; half an onion; ¼ lb. Cheddar cheese; finely grated breadcrumbs; a little dripping; salt and pepper.* Peel marrow and cut in fairly thin slices. Remove seeds, and steam gently until soft but not mushy. Rub a pie dish with the cut onion, and grease it. Put in the dish a layer of marrow slices. Make a layer of cheese, grated, then another of marrow, and so on until the dish is full, finishing with grated cheese and seasoning each layer as you proceed. Scatter breadcrumbs over, put a dab of dripping here and there, and cook until brown in a hot oven.

Pork Chops with Red Cabbage. *Four pork chops; 3 oz. dripping; salt and pepper; one red cabbage; one small onion (chopped); a little grated nutmeg; one heaped teaspoonful sugar; one tablespoonful vinegar.* Wash the cabbage thoroughly, leaving it to soak in salted water. Put 1 oz. dripping in a saucepan and add the cabbage, shredded. Put in also the chopped onion and the nutmeg, and season with salt and pepper. Put on the lid and cook gently for about fifty minutes, or till cabbage is tender.

Meanwhile, melt 2 oz. dripping in a sauté pan and let it get very hot before putting in the chops, which you have seasoned with salt and pepper.

Now add the sugar and vinegar to the cabbage, and cook for a further ten minutes.

Pile the cabbage on the serving dish and, the chops being cooked to a golden brown, arrange them round it.

Mushrooms on the Shell. *½ lb. field mushrooms; 1 oz. dripping; one teaspoonful finely chopped onion or shallot; ½ pint milk; white roux to thicken; 1 oz. grated cheese; breadcrumbs; salt and pepper.* Take ½ lb. mushrooms, keeping the stalks aside for soup. Chop them coarsely and cook for a few minutes in water. Drain and cook slowly in dripping, together with the onion.

Heat the milk in a saucepan. Thicken this with roux and add salt and pepper. Stir in the mushrooms.

Fill scallop shells with this mixture, scatter with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, put a dab of margarine on each and brown in the oven.

Fricassée of Rabbit. *One young rabbit; one onion; one tablespoonful each of dripping and flour; one bouquet mixed herbs; one bayleaf; 1½ pints water; salt and pepper.*

Put the dripping in a saucepan. When hot, brown the onion (chopped) in it. Sprinkle in the flour and brown that too. Mix well together. Put in the rabbit, which has been jointed; season well. Cook till brown. Now pour on the water (hot), and add the bouquet and the bayleaf. Simmer for one and a half hours, or until

Does Us Proud

MUSHROOMS ON THE SHELL

Putting Something By...

Salting Beans. Pick french or runner beans when reasonably tender. To preserve them you need a good-sized earthenware crock or jar, and 1 lb. salt to every 3½ lb. beans.

Put a layer of salt in the bottom of the jar and add a layer of beans. Continue in alternate layers, covering beans completely with salt each time. Press beans tightly down, and in a few days they will shrink. Now fill up, making a final layer of salt.

Cork the jar and seal with wax. Rinse beans well before using.

Dutch Beans. Leave the pods to ripen on the plants. Then thrash out with a cane when dry. This will give you a useful stock of little white haricot beans for the winter.

Green Tomato Chutney. *7 lb. green tomatoes; 1 lb. onions; ¾ lb. brown sugar; 1 oz. mustard seed; ½ oz. black pepper; 1 teaspoonful cayenne; 1 teaspoonful dry mustard; ½ oz. ground mixed spice; 1 oz. celery seed; 1 teaspoonful dry mustard; ½ oz. ground mixed spice; 1 oz. celery seed; vinegar; horseradish.*

Blanch and skin the tomatoes, and slice them finely. Slice the onions. Put all in a colander, sprinkle with salt and leave to drain overnight. Mix the mustard with a little vinegar, and put all ingredients in a preserving pan.

Cover with vinegar, bring to the boil and simmer about fifteen minutes. Put in glass jars and cover tightly, adding a little grated horseradish to each.

Bottling Fruit without Sugar. Fill some bottles or jars within an inch of the top with sound, dry fruit. Pack as tightly as possible, to prevent fruit from discolouring.

Cover the tops with little patty tins, or put them on a piece of wood in a cool oven. Leave in the oven for about an hour, or until juice begins to flow and fruit is loosened.

Place on a piece of wood in a cool oven. Leave in the oven for about an hour, or until juice begins to flow and fruit is loosened.

Add no liquid to bottles. Lift out one bottle, put it on a wood or newspaper-covered surface, and immediately pour on boiling water to cover fruit.

Have ready some rapidly boiling water. Lift out one bottle, put it on a wood or newspaper-covered surface, and immediately pour on boiling water to cover fruit.

Cover bottle *at once* with parchment paper, wet or dry. Tie on firmly, then brush with gum, paraffin wax or lard. Do each bottle separately, before removing the next from the oven. When cold, store in a cool, dry place.

rabbit is tender. Serve in a hot dish with the gravy strained over.

Pumpkin Pie. *2 lb. pumpkin (weighed after peeling); one egg or egg powder; two tablespoonfuls milk; cinnamon; salt; lemon rind (grated); two tablespoonfuls sugar; ginger; pastry.* Remove seeds from pumpkin. Boil in salted water until tender, and rub through a sieve. Beat up with the egg, sugar and a little lemon rind, cinnamon and ginger. Add the milk gradually. Put into a pie dish, cover with pastry and bake about three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Plum Betty. *¾ lb. plums (ripe); half an orange; 1 oz. margarine; 1½ oz. sugar; 4 oz. breadcrumbs.* Grease a pie dish. Melt the margarine, mix with the breadcrumbs and put about a third of them into the dish. Cut up the plums and stone them.

Put half the fruit into the pie dish, and sprinkle over ¾ oz. sugar and a little grated orange rind and orange juice.

Repeat the layers, making the top one of breadcrumbs. Put a cover over the dish, and bake until the fruit is cooked. Take the cover off at the end of cooking in order to brown the top.

By Harriet Muir

LARGE TALK

This winter, learn a new language, and let it be English. A bright and shiny new English. Bail out the small talk, and tired adjectives, the lame clichés, the flat-footed phrase, the slip-shod slang . . . we need a new dignity of conversation to match the new dignity of our endeavours, new words to express our new thoughts. Must the same phrases serve to describe a good meal as to describe a deed of heroism? Marvellous, wonderful, grand.

A woman's mind is always uncomfortably full of food and money and domestic manœuvres—a great handicap in conversation. But she *can* prevent these things from pouring out in a never-ceasing stream of small talk. The ordered mind should be able to dismiss all fishy thoughts as soon as the herrings are wrapped in the newspaper; to un-plug the waste as soon as the plumber is out of the house; to put on its hat and go out to lunch ready to talk of anything but the price of fish and plumbers. How often does it? Or alternatively, how many women's minds are ordered?

Two women were lunching in a restaurant. At the

next table a solitary luncher amused herself by jotting down the subjects of their conversation. They were these, and in this order: stockings, shoes, feet, varicose veins, the food at the restaurant, food difficulties in their own homes, the way a mutual friend ran her home, the mutual friend's husband, their own husbands' fads, back to clothes, the price of things, back to food.

Talk of small talk; yet let no one curl the lip until she has searched in her own memory back to the last conversation she had with a woman friend. Was the balance of the conversation on shoes and cabbages, or on ships and kings? Two women, a cake, and a tea-pot, and the result is more often gossip than conversation. To be good at any game it is necessary to practise hard at every opportunity. She who slacks when playing women's singles isn't so good next time she plays a mixed double. We must pull up our slacks and try to improve.

A book which is widely read in America, called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, devotes a chapter to how to become a good conversationalist. But its only tip is that you need to be a good listener. A rare enough accomplishment in the States, perhaps, to make it a wild and wonderful success, but in England there are more good listeners than talkers. It is not good enough to go out to dinner and listen. Listening might be the *forte* of all the other diners.

The house-bound woman can widen her interests by reading her newspapers, her weekly reviews, her books, with a really attentive interest and *remembering* what she reads.

She might choose just one or two subjects and make a point of reading anything she sees about them—housing, child-welfare, architecture, war poets, women's careers.

At the end of each day, she should think back on what she has talked about and resolve to do better; she should fix in her mind any interesting new facts that she has read or heard. Discipline of the thoughts as well as the tongue will soon have her contributing something worth while in general conversation.

You cannot be a good conversationalist, if you are a slave to your vocabulary. Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 30,000 words, the average person's is 3,000. Hence, or at any rate partly hence, the difference. With only 3,000 words to call upon, it is inevitable that we use the same ones to describe a sunset as a sugared cake, the same terms of endearment to our cat as to our husband.

Reading can enlarge the vocabulary, but go in for quality, not quantity. C. E. Montague says, "If you read in the Polonean spirit, not dulling your palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged commodity of Mr. Mudie's and Mr. Boot's, but reading an old book again when a new one comes out, you will find that the whole of what you have read is comfortably within reach of your hand whenever it is wanted."

For books to read over and over again, Montague's themselves come high up the list. Meredith, Trollope, Jane Austen, P. G. Wodehouse, Kipling, Oscar Wilde, A. E. Coppard—they'll all help you get a tang to your talk. Norman Douglas's "South Wind"—conversation while time stands still—might well be made an annual event.

An adjective purge would help most of us to see the light. Throw out the modern contemptibles—fantastic, ghastly, lovely, terrific, grim, amazing—in their overworked slang constructions. Make a new collection. Use them where they've never been used before. Have fun with them. Read John Cowper Powys and savour his adventurously wild-flung adjectives.

It is safest to eschew slang altogether, though a pity. "Perfect slang has a cunning brevity that braces you. It should taste sweet and keen like a nut." Occasionally, unexpectedly, it can be brilliantly effective. The orator, speaking in fine measured English, surprises by a sudden inspired colloquialism. As Mr. Churchill. Listen to Mr. Churchill and read Mr. Churchill. He does things like this: "Above him in the House of Lords reigned venerable, august Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister since God knew when. Beside him on the Government Bench, wise, cautious, polished, comprehending, airily fearless, Arthur Balfour led the House of Commons. But 'Joe' was the one who made the weather."

So what does it all come to? From the time we spend on beauty and clothes, we might deduct some time each day to improving our conversation, which is more an expression of ourselves than our appearance can ever be. These are no days for superficiality. People seek beneath the surface. Beauty may go, but words, and the thoughts of which they are the expression, will still matter.

By Alison Haig

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Women often measure the quality of a face cream by the attractiveness of its perfume. Yet nothing could be more baseless than the assumption that a cream which smells good *is* good.

Nurses and doctors discovered long ago that Albolene Cleansing Cream was perfect.

Albolene is a cleansing cream that sets out to be flawless in its purity and effective in its function. It succeeds in both and because the makers are so confident of its fundamental worth they have omitted perfume. Price, 2s. and 4s. from good chemists.

Before you set about the problem of dealing with superfluous hair, it is essential to understand something of the principle of hair growth.

The root of the hair is protected by a scaly membrane, of which the hair is composed. In order then to reach the root with a destroying agent and thus permanently to destroy it, the hair itself must first be pulled out.

This is simple if the special forceps made by Helen Lawrence are used.

After the hair has been removed, a solution to destroy the root can be applied. Helen Lawrence lotion does this in a gentle and antiseptic way. It kills the root of the hair gradually. It is, moreover, a natural process and a permanent cure. Hairs disappear after the first treatment. A daily application afterwards makes the cure a permanent one.

Supplies from Helen Lawrence, 81 Earl's Court Road, London, W.8.

You want to send a present to someone in the Forces. What can you send?

Toilet necessities are sure to be welcome. If they are specially designed and packed for adaptability to Service conditions they are even more welcome.

Pears have devised a special Service Pack. It contains Pears Original Transparent Soap, a Jif Shaving Stick and Pears Solid Brilliantine in a neat, unbreakable, unspillable metal case which is easily carried in the kit.

The pack is complete. You simply write his name and address on the free postal container. There are two prices, 2s. 7d. and 3s. 4d.

Autumn winds play havoc with some skins. Every skin should be protected from the coarsening effects of cold winds.

To this end, Dorothy Grey sells a wonderful bland emulsion which protects the skin from all weather conditions. It is called Blustery Weather Lotion.

The lotion can be used on all types of skins, on dry skins as a protection under the foundation lotion, or on normal or slightly oily skins as a foundation in itself. It also makes an ideal hand lotion.

Anxiety and general war weariness are putting a strain upon our nervous vitality. Everywhere people are complaining of lassitude, lack of vitality. This condition will be increased as the winter advances and we suffer the seasonal deficiency of fresh air and sunshine.

Something to feed the nerves and blood, to augment the natural processes of reconstruction that abnormal living conditions slow down is advisable if a breakdown is to be avoided. Sanatogen Nerve Tonic Food works scientifically and naturally to bring this about. It is not a mere pick-me-up. It is a nerve food. It restores lost vigour and gives you full-blooded health and energy again.

Take an eight weeks' course of Sanatogen. The good it does is positive and lasting.

If you are in the habit of spending pretty freely on beauty culture, the beautifying effect at a low cost of Cuticura soap will be sure to please you.

Pimples, blackheads, rashes, roughness and other blemishes which detract from the beauty of the skin disappear without trace as a result of the regular use of Cuticura soap and, in aggravated cases, the simultaneous use of Cuticura ointment.

In the soap medicinal properties are incorporated with the mildest base that science can devise. The soap costs 1s. and the ointment 1s. 3d.

A twenty-four hours medical beauty culture is almost too much to hope for, but it *is* possible through the discovery of a preparation of such recognised medical constituents that you can call it a doctor's beauty preparation and not be far wrong.

Crooke's Lacto Calamine contains calamine in its purest form—the preparation constantly prescribed by doctors for purifying the complexion and clearing up blemishes.

In this new form, Calamine is combined with nourishing milk of almonds and soothing wych-hazel. It makes a perfect powder base and a perfect insurance against skin troubles.

Obtainable from all chemists at 1s. 6d.

Many women are finding that the strain of life as it is to-day leaves its traces in pale complexions, wrinkles and a general appearance of tiredness of the skin.

Massage is the tonic for a skin in this condition and Larola the strengthening and stimulating preparation to use for it

Daily massage with Larola stimulates emaciated parts to new life and cleanses the pores of the waste products which finally lead to blemishes.

Larola is obtainable in 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. sizes from all chemists.

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EGGS
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SALMON
(*fresh or canned*)
LIVER

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POTATOES
GREEN VEGETABLES
(*fresh or canned, but not dried*)
SALADS
FRUIT
(*fresh or canned, but not dried*)
CARROTS
WHOLEMEAL BREAD
BROWN BREAD
TOMATOES

OF COURSE you want to economise — but make sure you do it scientifically. Plan your menus ahead and, as a basis for each day, choose some food from each of the four groups. If you do this you can be sure that you have covered all the *essentials* of diet. You will find it possible to do without things which you used to imagine were absolutely necessary. And that's the way to keep well within your own rations, *and within the country's rations.*

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

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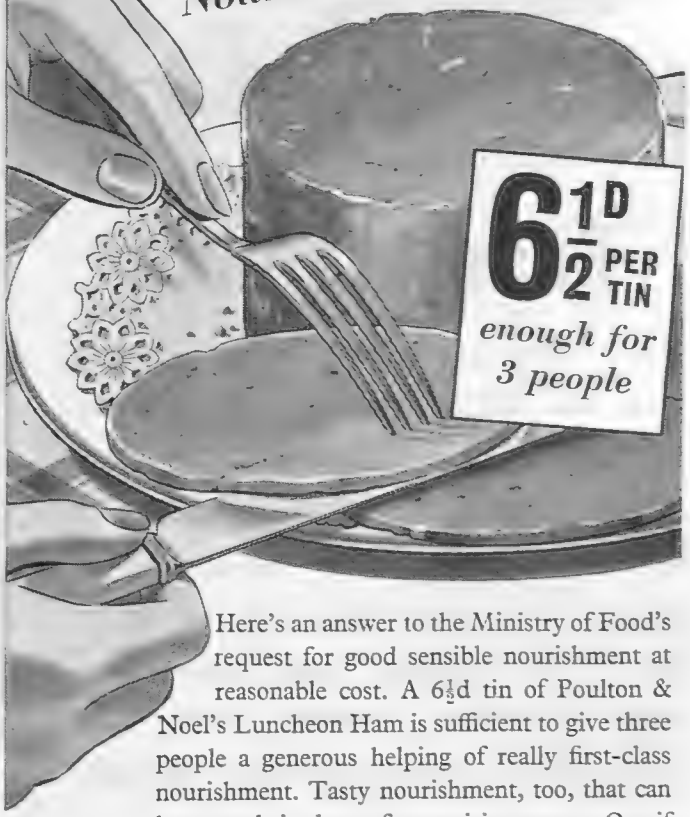

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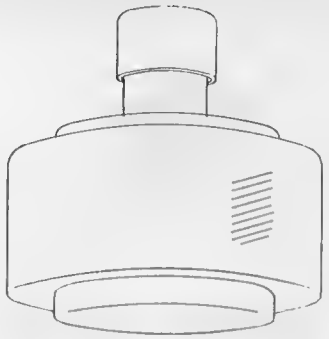

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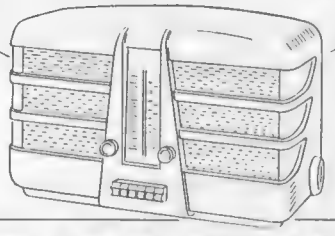

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Your Car—and the War

By A. Percy Bradley

IF any private motorist had not realised that the present war is one in which the internal combustion engine is taking a leading part, his knowledge of present-day warfare must by now be more complete. The fact that he incurs very severe penalties if he does not immobilise his car under certain conditions, must demonstrate even to the most dull-witted that any motor car, large, small, closed or open, is a valuable weapon. We civilians are ordered to take measures to prevent our car being of use to the enemy, but it seems to me that what might help our adversaries could also be of assistance to ourselves. Up to the time of writing there are no signs that the Government intend to commandeer our cars for military use, and so we must presume that the output from the factories direct to the Forces is satisfactory.

I wonder if we are really being asked to do enough to our cars to render them undriveable by the enemy. It would be the height of folly to imagine for one moment that the Germans are stupid or dull-witted and I cannot really believe that the hiding of an ignition switch key or the locking of a door will do little more than delay the enemy should he make up his mind to drive any particular car that he may find lying about, should he arrive suddenly in this country. I doubt even if the removal of the rotor from the high-tension distributor is much more efficacious. Master switches, even positioned in secret places, can quickly be robbed of their power of preventing the ignition system working. To me it seems that the battery itself should be removed and hidden for I can scarcely imagine that an enemy soldier arriving either by parachute or aeroplane, would come equipped with a heavy car battery.

SOME of us experienced during last winter, the inconvenience of having our car put out of action by frost. Looking at the cylinder block on that sad morning when we discovered that the water had all disappeared, never made us realise that the force exerted by water when it freezes is practically irresistible. We heard no noise in the night and so I expect most of us who went through this sad experience imagined that the water jacket round the cylinders was a very fragile affair. I was talking the other day to a friend of mine who went through the Dunkirk withdrawal and he told me that he would never have believed until then how difficult it was to crack an engine casting when you really wanted to do it. In many cases where it was necessary to put a very large number of motor vehicles out of action so as to prevent them being used by the enemy when they were abandoned, it was found easier and quicker to crack or break the oil sumps underneath, than the cylinder jacket, the former not being made of cast-iron.

Part of the training of the Home Guard is to temporarily disable unattended cars, thus making the vehicle useless to a possible invader. One of the methods is to deflate the tyres

RECENTLY through my own stupidity of leaving the tail-lamp switched on throughout the night on my small car, the self-starter was useless the next morning. This small car of mine is not fitted with a very high-class starting handle, but it will do its job when the circumstances are propitious, but the bumper on my vehicle makes the use of the handle not only difficult but dangerous. The bumper, therefore, had to be removed and after the engine was started it had to be replaced, a proceeding which occupied quite an amount of valuable time. Even on my large car, which I have stored for the duration of the war, the front bumper definitely makes the use of the starting handle uncertain and unpleasant. Nowadays, just as it was before war broke out, front bumpers are part of the standard equipment of most cars. A starting handle is likewise universally found on every car and so there is no earthly excuse why the front bumper should not be drilled, bushed if necessary, and the starting handle lengthened so that it can be used without the bumper in any way interfering with its rotation.

The last war had quite an effect on automobile design and I expect the same thing will happen in connexion with the present outbreak of hostilities. As I expect, many military cars and lorries will, on occasions, have completely dead batteries, the waste of time trying to start the engine by means of a handle which cannot be operated freely will be noticed by the authorities. There is just a chance that the manufacturers may wake up to the fact that the front bumper should not interfere with the satisfactory working of the starting handle, with the result that after the war this petty annoyance will have vanished.

A CERTAIN amount of confusion appears to exist with regard to the obliteration of place names, for I find people who ought to know the exact wording of the Order involved, such as Rural and District councils frequently screw or nail a board over the tell-tale name. I have seen notices consisting of cast metal plates with raised letters with the name of the council just painted out. Any one standing close to one of these notices would have no difficulty whatever in reading every word on the plate. On the other hand I have heard of people discarding their business letter heading because the name of their town or village formed part of their business title and was embossed on the paper. If the authorities would tell us if the removal of place names is to prevent parachutists who have succeeded in landing in this country from ascertaining without delay their exact whereabouts, or if the obliteration is merely to prevent low flying aeroplanes from knowing exactly where they are, the proper steps could be taken. If, as I imagine, the former is the real reason for the Order being made, covering place names up with board, cloth or paper is just pure waste of time and local councils should be the last people to adopt such measures.

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Heart of British Oak (*Continued from page 21*)

morning he found the German pilot lingering blissfully over an English cigarette and his third cup of coffee. He rose respectfully as the master entered; then, observing the ribbons on the left breast of the captain's uniform he clicked his heels and saluted smartly.

"Stand easy, son," the Englishman greeted him kindly. Then, because he assumed his prisoner would not understand English, he essayed a sad flight in his Anglo-Saxon brand of German. "Spreckles English?"

"Yes, sir, I speak English quite as well as you do." The prisoner smiled amiably. He was a tall, handsome lad, dark (probably a Bavarian) and his smile bespoke the traditional kindliness and good nature of the Bavarian. "May I not express to you, sir, my profound gratitude for saving my life? Also, for your charming hospitality since the fortunes of war have made me your prisoner."

Like so many Englishmen when charged with actions that evoke expressions of gratitude, Captain Hannay was embarrassed. "Mere trifle," he murmured. "Pray do not mention it."

"The loss of a man in this war is the most infinitesimal trifle imaginable, sir, but I dislike the idea of having my life referred to as a mere trifle. I must, respectfully, insist upon remaining your debtor."

"I'll wager you're enjoying that coffee, youngster. You must have asked for it; otherwise you'd have been served tea."

"No, it was the steward's idea. He remembered Germans are coffee-drinkers. Alas, your countrymen are tea-drinkers and can be depended upon to ruin the best coffee grown. So I went into the galley and brewed this priceless pot of coffee myself. Have some, sir?"

"I accept, in a spirit of scientific investigation."

"I trust you will enjoy it as much as I am. If you had to drink synthetic coffee you'd realise the depth of that enjoyment. No wonder we Germans resent so bitterly Great Britain's control of the seas. It brings you coffee."

"No untoward effects as a result of your cold bath last night?"

"None—thanks to your whisky and a warm bed and supper. I suppose you'll transfer me to some inbound vessel if you meet one."

"Not unless you decide to be a nuisance. I stopped for you once when I really shouldn't—and I'll be hanged if I'll stop for you again when I do not have to."

"I hope you will not confine me, sir. I'll give you my parole to be a perfect guest and not violate your hospitality. Certainly a jolly voyage out to Buenos Aires and return is to be preferred to a prison camp."

"Who told you we were bound for Buenos Aires?"

"You cleared from Liverpool for Buenos Aires and the record is there for those who care to look into it."

"Why didn't you stick around instead of abandoning your mission when the 'Spitfires' attacked?"

"My squadron commander did not, apparently, like the odds against us, and fled. I had to follow. We lost one of ours in the first two minutes of combat; the squadron commander descended close to the surface of the sea so the 'Spitfires' couldn't get under him and shoot up—and one of them got on top of him and he crashed. That left me free, and I zoomed up and returned to the attack. Only two of the 'Spitfires' saw me break off the action, they followed, thought for a little while I was going to elude them in the fading light."

"You dropped one bomb at the destroyer and missed her, but by a very narrow margin. Surely you hadn't expended them all."

"Those 'Spitfires' had washed out my crew. They were all dead with the exception of the man at the bomb rack release and he was mortally wounded. He carried on while life was in him, but I think he was dead when I passed over your ship, sir."

"You were sent out with orders to get the *Lancashire Maid*."

"Yes, sir. Our anti-blockade plans called for her elimination. Ten thousand ton refrigerator ships are very valuable to our enemy. If I had got you it would have been time enough then to try for the destroyer again. I had six bombs left. We knew when you left Liverpool and figured out approximately where to find you. Our intelligence service is rather good."

"When you crashed you opened the emergency hatch and climbed out on top of your plane before the inrush of water could trap you. Son, you're a lad after my own heart. You have the most priceless gift a fighting man can possess—the gift of initiative and instantaneous decision. You are like Fuzzy Wuzz, a first-class fighting man—you're a gorgeous young devil and it's a privilege to know you."

"Thank you, captain. I have a family tradition to live up to." He poured another cup of coffee and murmured: "If we'd sunk your ship I'd have received the Iron Cross, First Class."

"And what you got, young man, was the Double Cross—with a three-inch shell squarely under your tail. The best I can do to make amends is to write Der Fuehrer and suggest that if he's not quite the low-grade sport I think he is, he'll give you that decoration for having pulled off a magnificent failure. You flew into a barrage from a dozen guns. I have a son in the Royal Air Force and if I ever hear he's as gallant as you I'll be a very proud father."

The German rose and bowed his acknowledgment of this compliment. "It would please my father to receive praise for his son from an Englishman, sir. May I introduce myself? I am Lieutenant Frederich Arthur Kessler. You, the steward informs me, are Captain Hannay."

Captain Hannay saw that young Kessler, like all Germans, was not above a little boasting, as witness his statement that the German intelligence was rather good. Didn't the young jackanapes realise that Great Britain had always known it was better than good? He was glad *his* son was English and could keep his mouth closed against brag and bounce. Otherwise young Kessler was a very nice, well-bred boy and, quite obviously, of good family. He appeared to be about twenty years old. Captain Hannay had noted that he spoke English with a marked English accent and remarked:—

"You speak perfect English with a pronounced English accent."

"My father, Captain Arnold Wilhelm Kessler, at present an assistant chief of operations in the German Admiralty, was for four years naval attaché at the Court of St. James. We had a house in Fitzroy Street, I went to Eton and then had a year at Oxford. Then father was recalled and I was ordered to a flying-school as soon as we got home."

"Mother living?"

"Yes, sir. And weeping for her lost son this moment, I dare say."

"Any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think it will be safe to send your father a radiogram tomorrow informing him you are my honoured guest aboard the vessel you set out to sink. With your Intelligence Section listening in on every radio programme emanating from the British Isles and copying every code radiogram and striving to decode it, somebody will pick up my message and shoot it in to the German Admiralty."

The fine, frank eyes of Frederich Arthur Kessler filled with tears. "You are so good to me, Captain Hannay. I can't understand it."

"You wouldn't—of course—you puling infant," Captain Hannay roared, and attacked the dish of prunes the steward set before him.

"I—I'm—not acc-customed to associating with softies, Captain Hannay."

A softie! This child had called him a softie! Him, Jasper Hannay, old Royal Navy shellback! What damned impudence! The skipper turned a sulphurous glance upon Frederich Arthur Kessler. He jabbed an index finger at him and roared in his best quarter-deck manner. "Mr. Kessler, you will go to your room under arrest and remain there until I send for you."

Young Kessler blanched, stood to attention, saluted and departed instantly to his cabin. The steward brought him his luncheon on a tray; at five-thirty a quartermaster rapped on the door of the suite and said: "Captain Hannay's compliments, sir, and will the lieutenant join him in his quarters for a spot of schnapps? I am to conduct the lieutenant there."

"First drink-time, son," Captain Hannay greeted him cheerfully and indicated a tall glass, the bottle of whisky and the soda. The prisoner mixed his drink, grinned, raised his glass and said: "Here's to an incurable English softie. May his tribe increase!"

"Just can't help returning to the attack, can you? Well, I've radioed your father, so I suppose I am a softie."

"Just a member in good standing of the Ancient and Honourable Order of The Sons of Take-a-chance," young Kessler jibed. "If I had membership in the British chapter I'd embrace you, sir."

Sparks came to the door and handed the skipper a radiogram. The latter read:—

Captain Jasper Hannay,
Master S. S. *Lancashire Maid*.

Some failures are more glorious than victories. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to you. Please permit our son to telephone his mother from Buenos Aires.—Katrina and Arnold Kessler.

Hannay tossed the radiogram to young Kessler and poured himself another drink. Of course, because he was English, there was no ice! He was the sort that drinks warm beer!

The *Lancashire Maid* had not been alongside the dock in Buenos Aires half an hour before a German vice-consul came aboard seeking permission to interview Herr Kessler. "Hell's anthems," Captain Hannay growled, "he's a boy and anxious to see the sights of Buenos Aires. Get me the promise of the German consul, in writing, that he will see to it the young man is returned to my ship twenty-four hours before she sails and I'll let him go ashore on his parole."

So the prisoner gave his parole and went ashore. He returned three days before the *Lancashire Maid* sailed, explaining that since the German pocket-battleship, *Graf Spee*, had sought sanctuary in Montevideo harbour following her battle with three British cruisers, he had been unable to bear hearing people berate the captain of the *Graf Spee* as a poltroon, one false to the code of the German navy. So he had returned to the *Lancashire Maid*, where nobody ever mentioned the war to him, where everybody studiously sought to avoid sandpapering his sore spots.

Captain Hannay went ashore that afternoon and had a long talk with the British consul; then he boarded an American-built speed boat powered to do forty miles an hour maximum, ran it round the harbour to prove it could do that, bought it and had it sent down to the steamer. It was hoisted aboard and lashed in a cradle on the after well deck.

The *Graf Spee* was still at anchor in Montevideo Harbour when the *Lancashire Maid* passed down the river and out into the Atlantic. A destroyer detached herself from the British fleet waiting hopefully for the German pocket-battleship to come out and renew the fight, and Captain Hannay hove his ship to, had her motor lifeboat lowered and put off to meet the destroyer standing in towards the freighter. During his absence Frederich Arnold Kessler was requested to remain in his room, which he did. When the ship's engines commenced throbbing with the old rhythm and he knew the *Lancashire Maid* was under way again, Mr. Pettibone appeared and told him he could have the freedom of the deck and that Captain Hannay expected him to report in the latter's quarters at six o'clock for the evening drink. (*Continued on page 56*)

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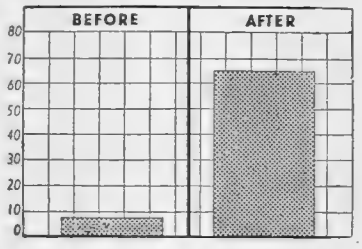

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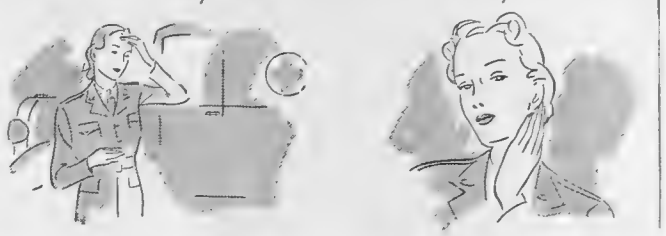

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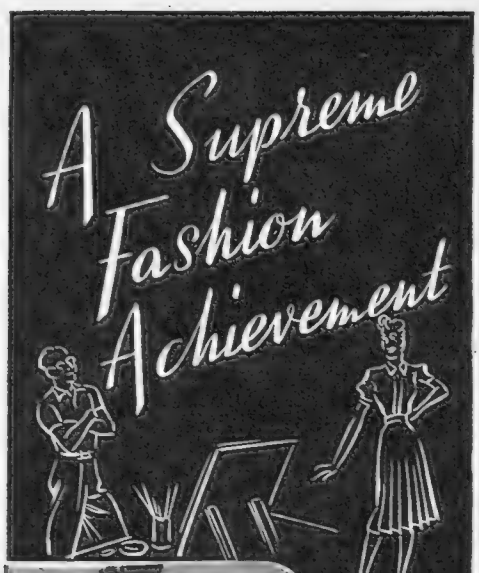

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PLEATED SKIRTS

The *Lancashire Maid* came up to the coast of Scotland at night, picked up a radio beam that Captain Hannay identified from its code letters, and followed it in. An hour before dawn he decided that, according to his dead reckoning, he must be within fifty miles of the rendezvous where awaited the war vessels that were to escort him into Liverpool. Only one more hour of the intense nervous strain to which he had been subjected for the last two days. At dawn a British flying boat would be out, flying low and seeking the long dark shadow under the seas that predicted the presence of a German submarine. Of course there would be constant danger until the *Lancashire Maid* would be safe in her dock.

Frederich Arthur Kessler came up the companion to the flying bridge and joined the captain. Throughout the voyage home Hannay had gradually given him the freedom of the bridge; he had grown fond of this young man whose brilliance and charm would attract to him any person of culture. "Well, youngster," he greeted the boy, "this will be our last night together."

"I shall miss you, sir."

"I imagine the military police will be calling for you after breakfast tomorrow."

"I shall have great pleasure, Captain Hannay, in disappointing your military police. I shall be leaving you in about twenty minutes."

"Indeed? Now that's devilish interesting."

"Watch," Kessler warned, and snapped on an electric torch he carried; he made three circles with it and snapped it off; instantly, off the starboard beam a light winked twice—a pause and then once—and out. "That, my dear Captain Hannay, is a German submarine."

"I thought so, son. I picked up the beat of her propellers two hours ago through our under-sea listening device. Naturally she picked up ours. I knew I was being followed. Why doesn't she throw her searchlight on us and let us have a couple of torpedoes?"

"For two reasons, sir. You might let her have a six-inch shell before she could submerge after launching her torpedoes—and I am aboard. Besides, you have been very kind, very courteous to me, Captain Hannay, and I requested my father, who is, as I think I once told you, an assistant chief of operations in the German Admiralty, to use his influence to the end that your ship should not be sunk without warning."

"Now that was mighty decent of you, Frederich, and I'm no end grateful. I daresay you have orders for me?"

"I have, sir. You have twenty minutes to get your crew into the boats and then you are to deliver me to the submarine, together with your ship's papers. You will not be made a prisoner."

"I hear and I understand. Now I shall obey. Stop her, Mr. Pettibone."

As the engines ceased their throbbing Kessler again signalled with his electric torch and again the signal winked a reply out of the darkness. "Get the boats overside, Mr. Pettibone, and be quick about it," Captain Hannay ordered. He stepped around the back of young Kessler and pressed a pistol muzzle into the base of his prisoner's skull. "Down to your stateroom, boy," he ordered softly. "I have a plan that conflicts with yours."

Mr. Pettibone followed them down to the owners' suite. Here the husky mate plastered a two-inch band of adhesive tape across young Kessler's mouth and handcuffed him, slipped a bracelet around his ankle and chained him to the steam radiator. Then he and Captain Hannay went out, and young Kessler heard the key turn in the lock.

Down on the after well deck a cargo boom had been swung out late the previous afternoon and steel cargo whips, with hooks on the ends of them had been slipped into the stout bronze ring bolts at bow and stern of the speed boat. A winch commenced to chatter presently and in the darkness the boat rose from her cradle and was swung out and dropped gently into the sea. From her forward cockpit the old chief petty officer crawled forward and cast off the cargo hook; from her rear cockpit Mr. Pettibone cast off

the after hook. The chief petty officer then got behind the steering wheel, started the motor and moved slowly away from the side of the steamer; once clear of her he threw the clutch into neutral and stepped up the revolutions; after ten minutes he switched on the electric light switch on the instrument board. "Hot enough, sir," he called to Captain Hannay in the rear cockpit with Mr. Pettibone. "A hundred and sixty degrees. She'll step at forty now, sir."

"Carry on," came the terse order and the boat purred softly away, rounded the steamer's bow and waited until the signal came again from the submarine, in response to a repetition, by the second mate, of Kessler's private code as observed by Captain Hannay. Then the speed boat moved ahead briskly at right angles to the apparent position of the submarine, which suddenly threw a powerful searchlight on them, having heard the purr of their motor. It was switched off a moment later, but while it was on Captain Hannay stood up and waved young Kessler's uniform cap.

"Murder most foul," Mr. Pettibone murmured approvingly. "They think we're bringing the young feller, as per orders." The boat picked up speed as she headed towards the submarine in the Stygian darkness; her eight-cylinder motor was roaring now and that was the signal the second mate had been waiting for. The powerful searchlight with which the *Lancashire Maid* had been equipped blazed a broad finger of light across the sea and picked out the submarine; not more than two hundred yards from the speed boat now, and that maritime hornet roared down upon her at forty miles an hour, her bows high, her stern squatting. As she slid past the submarine's bow not five feet from the hull Mr. Pettibone rolled a one hundred and fifty pound depth charge out of the shallow concave hardwood cradle on the little afterdeck, to which he and Captain Hannay had hoisted it from the after cockpit while the motor was warming up. Over the stern it went. Eighty feet from the submarine's stern Captain Hannay pushed another depth charge over. Then they were past the submarine and the second mate lifted the searchlight from them and swung it back to their victim. Captain Hannay and Mr. Pettibone, glancing back, saw the submarine's bow rise high under the pressure of a monstrous waterspout that rose a couple of hundred feet above her; as a hundred tons of water came crashing on her decks another waterspout rose aft. The speed boat was thrown into the air, settled with a tooth-jarring crash, rose, crashed again and fled on a terrific wave with her motor dead.

"We got out of the way of those explosions as I figured we would, Mr. Pettibone," said Captain Hannay coolly, "but they've shaken this frail craft to pieces. I feel water coming up. It's over my ankles."

Mr. Pettibone, who was, on occasion, an amusing devil and fond of extemporising doggerel, which he fondly believed to be poetry, stood up and recited :—

Rule, Britannia, rule the wyves,
Britons never shall be slyves,
While we'll reach our loved ones yet,
Ere's where we get our backsides wet.

They went down with their ship—as far as their waists, for they were wearing kapok life jackets. As they paddled around calling to each other the steamer's searchlight picked them up and presently they heard the measured put-put of the motor lifeboat coming over to pick them up. En route back they looked for Germans to pick up but in vain.

Ten minutes later they were back aboard the *Lancashire Maid*; the moment the second mate, looking down from the end of the flying bridge heard the cry from the motor boat: "Heave-ho," he stepped into the pilot house and sent the steamer on her way. When Captain Hannay, in dry clothing, came out on the bridge Mr. Pettibone was singing the chorus of an old song of the wind-ship era :—

Rollin' 'ome, rollin' 'ome,
Rollin' 'ome accrost the sea,
Rollin' 'ome to Merry Hingland,
Rollin' 'ome dear land to thee.

"Look, mister," Captain Hannay said to

him softly, and pointed. "The purple hills of Scotland, lad—and by sunset, if our luck holds, we'll be passing the green hills of Ireland—with England just over the Irish Sea. Oh, God, Mr. Pettibone, I love our dear land. I could die ten thousand deaths for it."

"Aye, sir," Mr. Pettibone murmured—and looked, but could not see. Something had got into his eyes!

THE *Lancashire Maid* was in the dock at Liverpool by ten o'clock that night and Captain Hannay had young Kessler up in his quarters for a night-cap of whisky-and-soda and stated with genuine regret that in the morning they must part. "But I'll write Hitler about you," he promised. "And I'll write your father, too. I'll arrange to have the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast my letters."

"You're a rare good sport, sir. Thank you more than I can say. What happened to that submarine?" he asked. "I heard two muffled explosions that shook the *Lancashire Maid*."

"Oh, we sank her with all hands, Frederich."

"How? There was no gunfire."

"Blew her wide open with two big depth charges rolled off the stern of a forty-mile speed boat I purchased especially for the job in Buenos Aires. You thought I was freighting it home for somebody, I dare say."

"But—where did you get the depth charges?"

"The British Consul in Buenos Aires communicated with the commanding officer of the British fleet waiting off the mouth of the river for the *Graf Spee* to come out. So when we came out of the river one of our destroyers kindly gave me two large depth charges set to explode at twenty feet. I dropped them within six feet of the submarine. She went up and she went down."

"But—how did you know you'd have an opportunity to use them?"

"I didn't. I just guessed. Something told me you'd break your parole given me that you'd be a perfect guest; that you'd telephone your father from Buenos Aires and he'd make arrangements to get us. I had you shadowed in Buenos Aires. You were seen to buy that electric torch. You hid it in an empty bucket in the fire bucket locker on top of the house. While the ship proceeded without lights you were up on the house all night flashing signals for that submarine. You see, son, I wanted you to know our position, so I gave you the liberty of the bridge and chart-room. I suspected you'd watch our track and figure out how close we were to the rendezvous. After all, you know aerial navigation. I was pretty certain you'd arrange it to give us time to get into the boats and to be delivered to the submarine. They thought I was delivering you in that speed boat when I was, in fact, delivering death certificates. And, by the way, the *Graf Spee* did not come out to fight. They say her crew mutinied—so her captain blew his brains out after scuttling his ship."

Young Kessler commenced to weep and the captain left him alone.

Captain Hannay felt no sense of elation, of pride in his destruction of an enemy submarine; he was only sensible of a sense of gratitude to whatever gods there were, that he, an old navy crock, had been granted the privilege of service again. He was a cog in the machine that was feeding his people. Nobody knew him, nobody knew that responsibility for the life of England and for victory, depended upon him and his kind quite as heavily as upon the men at arms. Thank God he could accept responsibility and, no matter how heavy it might be, never shrink beneath the burden of it. He loathed war because he had seen war; he never would forget the blood on the deck at Jutland, the white-faced living carrying on beside the dead; and depression settled over him as he thought of young German boys floating around in a shattered steel hull down in Fiddler's Green. For the sake of the Empire he had sent them there—and he wished he hadn't had that job to do. Well, one mustn't think of such things.

Old Baugh came scuttering up the gangplank. "My dear Captain Hannay, I had to come down (*Continued on page* 58)

As they wear. . . .

Not only are Bear Brand stockings as beautiful as ever but (happy thought) they still retain their love for long, hard wear.

In fact you can revel in their loveliness simultaneously with being most virtuously economical. Obviously one must always insist quite firmly on Bear Brand these days.

Bear Brand
PURE SILK STOCKINGS

YOU CAN'T FIGHT INFECTION FOR HIM

—but WRIGHT'S can!

Now as in 1914 Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Services. The antiseptic lather of Wright's is a safeguard that you can give him.

Send him a tablet of

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

THE SAFE SOAP

AVOID IMITATIONS

to congratulate you on your successful passage and the sinking of that German submarine. Bully work! 'Pon my soul, glorious. Damned dirty Huns. I hate them."

"You haven't any soul to speak of, Mr. Baugh," the shipmaster replied evenly, "so how can you know what is glorious and what is dastardly?"

But old Baugh was the type that can swallow an insult from one who is valuable to him. He laughed a short and brittle laugh. "Will have your little joke, captain, I see"; he slapped Hannay on the back and began pawing him. "You're at once the highest-paid and cheapest skipper Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., ever had," he cackled, "and the job's yours as long as you go to sea and the ship stays on the surface."

"Take your hands off me," Jasper Hannay cried sharply. "You and I have nothing in common. This morning I slew seventy-five brave men—and you're glad of it, not for England's sake but because of your damned filthy ducats. Get off England's ship!"

He had a sudden yearning to trade the society of the money-grubber for that of the boy-warrior who had given all, even unto his honour, to serve the land to which he owed fealty. Jasper Hannay wondered if he would break his parole to betray his enemy for England's sake. It was something gentlemen didn't do, but perhaps a new code for gentlemen was being gestated in this war. He wondered, and wondering, forgot he had left Frederich Arthur Kessler alone in his stateroom to empty his full heart without being stared at in the emptying. So he opened the door and Frederich Arthur Kessler said:—

"I have an apology to make to you, sir. I said you were a softie. You're not!"

"We live and learn," Jasper Hannay replied. "Once, a long time ago, I was young, too!"

END

Heart of British Oak

Aces Without Wings (*Continued from page* 11)

all hours to test or repair navigating instruments, de-icing apparatus, bomb sights, cameras and other delicate gadgets geared to a ten-thousandth of an inch accuracy. In this connexion it is perhaps, worthy of record that experts earning four-figure incomes in civilian life have gladly given their services to the R.A.F. for a few shillings a day.

In a previous article in this magazine I described some of the difficulties encountered by our reconnaissance pilots. Here, once again, maximum results are only possible through the skilled co-operation of a special ground staff which makes and develops negatives and prints before building them up into a complete map of the terrain photographed.

Only experts can be used for this intricate work which calls for a high degree of skill and intelligence. This is recognised by the Air Ministry which insists upon a specialised course in photography lasting no less than nine months!

Apart from mechanics, riggers and instrument specialists, there are many other "airmen who never fly." The R.A.F. makes good use of skilled draughtsmen and carpenters. Not long ago, I heard of some R.A.F. carpenters who managed to put up a very fine theatre in their spare time. Stars from the West End who performed there were astonished to find themselves in a solid building with 1,000 seats, complete with cosy dressing-rooms and lighting which would not have disgraced Shaftesbury Avenue.

All sorts of miscellaneous experts are to be found among the ranks of the wingless. I have come across brawny blacksmiths and be-spectacled accountants. Each is playing his part in making the R.A.F. super-efficient.

A ground job that demands skill and iron nerves is that of the armament officer, who examines the weapons carried by wrecked planes and has to render them harmless. One officer had a narrow squeak not so very long ago. He was sent over to unload the bombs from a plane which had crashed into the sea. He carefully dislodged them from the racks and laid them in his motor launch. He was about to move off when a bomb hissed and sent out a puff of smoke. It was a most uncomfortable moment but, fortunately, nothing happened. A close examination showed that the bomb had a time-fuse attached. The shock of impact had obviously released the safety catch, but it was so soaked in sea water that the fuse had failed to function.

Research work is also largely carried out on the ground. Some of the world's greatest aircraft designers have never piloted a machine. Months of hard work are needed in the blue-print rooms before the test pilot is asked to go up. The experts spend many anxious days with their small demonstration models which are worked by clockwork action. With these miniature planes distinguished scientists and mathematicians puzzle out abstruse problems of speed, pressure and spin.

It seems a far jump from the research room to the motor lorries which anchor the barrage balloons! But the job of handling an elephantine balloon is by no means as dull or simple as the civilian is apt to imagine. The ground crews who cope with this youngest anti-aircraft weapon have to be as patient and skilful as the men who "mother" the big bombers.

The balloon crews must be expert in the use of ropes; I am told that twenty-three different types of knot are mastered before a man is considered proficient in this branch. He must also learn how to do all manner of running repairs including patching the fabric. Apart from ropes, he is responsible for thousands of feet of cable and vital blocks and tackle. In bad weather the balloon is liable to snap its wires and do considerable damage unless the man at the winch has his wits about him.

MONTHS of hard study and patient instruction are needed before an R.A.F. pupil qualifies as a pilot; but few civilians are aware that a very thorough training is also required to equip men for jobs as skilled aircraftmen. All over England apprentices are now receiving instruction for this vital task. Pessimists who shake gloomy heads and imagine that we are trying to "muddle through" would profit by a visit to an R.A.F. technical training school.

Young men from many different walks of life have come forward by the thousand to take five-month intensive courses. Modern well-equipped workshops are provided for the use of our would-be mechanics and riggers. Here, the trainees are taught how to handle their tools, how to strip, erect and test engines and how to do odd jobs like refuelling a machine and taxi-ing a plane.

The basic training covers a wide span. Apart from acquiring a really intimate knowledge of the latest types of aero engines, the trainees are taught how to use their hands. Repair work of all types is so essential that the instructors make absolutely certain that a trainee, however brilliant on paper, is also able to turn his hand to such routine jobs as stripping down a magneto or splicing a wire. Every effort is made to ensure that the students think for themselves. All round the workshops hang sets of tools and spare parts with complete instructions as to their use. The trainee soon begins to feel the thrill of discovery and learns to rely upon himself—an invaluable asset in a job which demands such a combination of patience and initiative.

But the theoretical side is by no means neglected in our training schools. In bright spacious lecture rooms the students are given instruction in mathematics, mechanics, hydraulics, aero-structures, theory of flight, explosives and numerous other subjects. They are also shown how to make full use of the fine laboratories that are available for the study of engines and aerodynamics.

During the hot summer months thousands of pupils will bless the foresight of those who

insisted upon installing swimming baths in every training school. These luxurious pools are chlorine filtered and equipped with up-to-date appliances, including even a medicated foot bath!

I think the Air Ministry is justified in its claim that nothing has been overlooked in ensuring the comfort and happiness of our future ground crews. Most of the training stations have about fifty acres of playing fields, and sporting competitions are encouraged. For those desiring indoor recreation there are facilities for billiards, chess, ping-pong, roller skating, and the time-honoured favourites—darts and shove-ha'penny.

In such a large community casualties and sickness must, of course, be reckoned with; every training school has a hospital and operating theatre ready to deal with every kind of emergency. Highly-qualified physicians and surgeons, equipped with the latest apparatus, are always available for consultation.

One has only to watch a ground crew at work in any aerodrome to realise what handsome dividends are being paid on the policy of those responsible for the technical training of our aircraft apprentices. When our pilots hop into their planes they have every confidence that A1 efficiency has been guaranteed them, from their 1,000-h.p. engines down to the last button on their parachutes.

That smooth teamwork, reinforced by the finest aero materials in the world, holds the richest promise for our victory in the skies.

END

Health Readjustments

(*Continued from page* 32)

but a *composer*; by adding to that composure through reading the right kind of book, absorbing, but not too spell-binding, or practise rhythmic breathing. Breathe in, counting four, and hold the breath for the same slow four, breathing out and then keeping the lungs empty to fours, before you breathe in to the same pulse. If you succeed in doing this your body will know such rest that whether your night is wakeful or not will make not the slightest difference. You will have passed through a period of restoration. More especially will this be the case if you have a lime-blossom bath before you slip into bed, as this will wash skin acids out of you.

END

Beauty—with a Home-made Accent

(*Continued from page* 33)

give you a ripply, shiny, high-sprung wave. It reconditions the scalp miraculously, seeping under dandruff, lifting it away, and re-sheathing every hair with life. It foams directly water touches it, and leaves no vestige of grease.

New Eyelashes

Long, upcurling, sweeping friends can be yours, if you dip your lids every other night into an eyeglassful of milk. Take care to wipe the eyeballs with cotton wool soaked in boracic lotion after this, as the milk, if left on the eyeballs, will inflame them. Bathe the eyes in boracic in the morning. Streak castor oil along the roots of the lashes before putting on your eye-shadow. This will keep going the good work of feeding the lashes.

A Three-way Cream

There is one that cleanses, nourishes, and lays an ideal powder foundation. The woman under thirty needs no other skin food or beauty aid. The woman over thirty needs a toning lotion besides this cream to firm her tissues. The woman over forty should use this cream as a powder foundation, but have a stronger skin food. But if you require a three-way job boxed into one, and a reviving haunting perfume, this is the beauty-aid accessory for you.

END

★

JAMAL

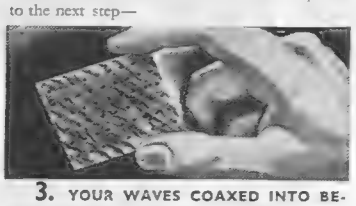
THE *New* FREEDOM WAVE

★

Produced by the greatest hair research scientists to give you lovelier, more permanent waves and curls . . . to banish the tedium of machine waving . . . to set you *free!* You're not tied down during a Jamal wave — you're free, cool and comfortable while featherlight vapets miraculously create your dream permanent in a few minutes. No machinery! No wires! You may even roam about and *still* your hair will emerge waved to perfection!

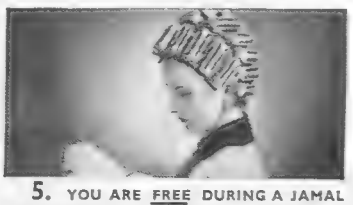
1. JAMAL IS THE PERFECT METHOD of waving without wires, machinery or electricity that hair research scientists have sought since waving was invented.

2. YOUR HAIR IS TREATED WITH ITS OWN SPECIAL LOTION — the *right* "Jamalotion" for your particular type and texture of hair. This assures an ideal response to the next step—



3. YOUR WAVES COAXED INTO BEING BY THE FAMOUS VAPETS — only a tiny, featherlight pad, yet it moulds your hair into lovely lasting curls — minus electricity, wires, or any heavy contraptions.

4. "SAF-T-SPEED" CLIPS HOLD EVERY STRAND IN PLACE — so that each hair may be waved alike! A light clip, precision-fashioned, contributing to a wave of uniform beauty.



5. YOU ARE FREE DURING A JAMAL PERMANENT — no wires to hold you down! You can even leave the salon to take cover if the sirens start their warbling — without harming your wave.

6. BEHOLD THE REVELATION! — sooner than you believed possible — a mass of shining curls, ready to be combed into a coiffure that is suave, thoroughbred — beautiful beyond words!

Jamal

THE SUPERLATIVE MACHINELESS PERMANENT

TWO FREE OFFERS

★ Why not test the freedom, cool comfort and lasting beauty of the Jamal Wave, *Free!* Ask any Jamal Specialist to give you a test curl.

★ Send for "What's Happening Now?", an interesting booklet which explains why a Jamal wave is so superior. Free, of course! Write GALLIA LIMITED, 31 St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Where fashions are founded

The kind of women that other women copy—whose whims start fashions and whose names make news, have their face powder made by Goya, creator of fine perfumes. Goya powder is lasting—yet peculiarly light and delicate. It brings out the natural beauty in every skin, adds that final touch of loveliness. The fragrance is bewitching and the shades are flatteringly original. Goya's face powder contains no ingredients that can swell and damage the complexion.

In lovely non-spill boxes—6/6 & 1/3

MADE IN ENGLAND BY

Goya

PICCADILLY, W.1

The Lieutenant Died Last

(*Continued from page 9*)

and then go on again, fast. Down the line the officer had swung round with his revolver out : the two men with him had their mouths open. Picks and crowbars suddenly stopped : one of them in mid-air. Then life started again. The guard fired at old Purves's smoke and the bullet kicked gravel up against his cheek : the men working dropped their tools and tumbled down the embankment to where they had left their rifles. Old Purves chose his next victim.

The Germans were shockingly out of luck. The bright sunset was behind the poacher, dazzling their eyes : he had their silhouettes lit up like dummies in a shooting booth. He began to suck excitedly through a gap in his teeth and fired again. A man half-way down the embankment tumbled, but old Purves had given away his position and though he ducked at once, the guard, stretched out now on top of the embankment, nipped a bullet close by his ear. When he took another peep the workmen had got their rifles, though the two men with the box a hundred yards up the line were still unarmed. That meant that four rifles could be brought to bear, not counting the lieutenant who was crawling back. Old Purves chuckled again, it was more fun than rabbit shooting.

But the others too had learnt their lesson : the lieutenant was shouting orders which the poacher couldn't understand. While the guard remained on top of the embankment the others, taking advantage of the bushes, began to circle round to get the sun behind them. Old Purves wasn't disturbed : he knew his battlefield. From one end of the gravel pit ran a trench, but because of the overhanging bushes it couldn't be seen from above : to the watcher on the embankment he was cornered. Old Purves, ducking under the gorse into the little hot tunnel, jolted away, looking more than ever like an earth animal going to ground. The trench sloped gently up and soon he was on all fours, then out he came into the tall bracken. He took a daring look : the guard had his eye fixed on the gravel pit : the two men up the line had left their box and were crawling towards their rifles : the three men and the lieutenant had made a half circle and were now steadily creeping towards the pit—their backs were half turned to him, and again they had the worst of the light.

Old Purves at this point of the game could have retired safely, with all the honours, but he was enjoying himself. He never liked to leave good game alone even if it meant risking capture. He waited until one of the men, in screening himself from the supposed enemy in the gravel pit, had exposed himself to his enemy in the flank—then old Purves let him have it "proper," or rather he meant to : for the first time he nearly missed altogether : the man dropped his rifle, slumped heavily down nursing his hand. "Goldarn it," he said and ducked at once under the bracken.

Not one of the men suspected that the shot had come from the rear. They were almost at the rim of the pit now : the lieutenant gave an order : they leapt to their feet and were over it. But this time old Purves couldn't have made a mistake if he'd tried—firing quickly he got two : only the lieutenant leapt to safety.

By that time the two unarmed men had reached their rifles and the guard had spotted old Purves. Before he could get down a shot from the embankment got his left shoulder. He sat still among the bracken and wished he had some whisky with him. He tried to move, but the swaying bracken gave him away and a bullet missed him by a centimetre. He swore softly : this time the bloody Bojers *had* trapped him and there were still four of them left.

He was saved by a goods engine from Fenham Heath : it was going north with a string of empty trucks. The three men now hugged the ground under the embankment and a whistle warned the lieutenant to keep out of sight. They didn't want a warning carried up the line: they couldn't tell that the nearest troops were twenty miles away at least.

As the engine came into sight old Purves saw his chance. He bolted through the bracken towards the overturned truck which would protect him from all of them but the lieutenant—the lieutenant only had a revolver and the light now was shockingly bad. Nobody fired at him. Then he swung round and sent a shot at the officer who had got out of the gravel pit, but the pain in his shoulder was upsetting his aim and he missed.

All the same, though he didn't know it then, he'd won the game. They were scared and harried and didn't know what to think : all the lieutenant was concerned with now was to get his business finished quickly. He dodged round to his men and they all began a kind of strategic retirement up the line, along the edge of the embankment : old Purves sent another shot after them, ineffectively. Then he swore gently because he'd only got one shot left.

HE watched the four men, a little puzzled. They were climbing up on to the embankment again : he didn't shoot because the light was bad now and his eye was out. One man fired a warning shot at him which nicked a tiny piece off the edge of the truck. The others were opening the box : it seemed to contain string. . . . Old Purves was irritated : he didn't like being ignored. He took aim rather wildly and fired.

For a moment it was as if the end of the world had come, blasting up against the truck which sheltered him : there were lamentable cries. When the fury of air and fire had died away, he came out of shelter and picked his way through the bushes—there was nobody left to fire at him. This was massacre.

He didn't like it : it turned his stomach over like dynamiting fish : the strange thing was that the rails were the only things left untorn.

The lieutenant was not dead : he called out in English, "Kill me. Please kill me," Old Purves always felt pity for broken animals, but he hadn't a bullet left. Then he saw the officer's revolver three yards away. . . . Afterwards he looked through his pockets : there was nothing of value, but a photograph of a naked baby on a hearthrug again made his stomach turn over.

That was really the end of old Purves's battle : the rest was only what they call "mopping up." He went back to his traps and drank what was left of his whisky : two rabbits had already been snared. Then with the rabbits in his poacher's pockets and the lieutenant's revolver in his hand he went down cautiously to the "Black Boar." There they had listened fearfully to the sound of the shots and the explosion : the guards were nearly as scared as the people of Potter. When old Purves appeared suddenly behind them with the revolver they surrendered at once. They, with two wounded men among the gorse, were the only survivors of the only parachute descent—it had been a discouraging failure for the German High Command because of old Purves's absence from the village, in Lord Drew's grounds. Driver, immediately he was released and saw the rabbits, charged him with poaching and as I have said, a week later he was released with a caution and a rather cold commendation. He was quite gratified : he didn't expect medals and as he said, "I've got one back on them bloody Bojers." For awhile people visited him and gave him tips in return for his story—"They runned just like little rabbits," he used to say—and for the sight of a few souvenirs, but that source of income soon failed, and he was back in no time on the wrong side of Lord Drew's wall. One souvenir he never showed to any one—the photograph of the baby on the mat. Sometimes he took it out of a drawer and looked at it himself—uneasily. It made him—for no reason that *he* could understand—feel bad.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 39)

On Duty

mixture into your hair thoroughly before you use your shampoo. Shampoo your hair at least once a week and use one of those small tooth combs, for combing your hair every day.

(2) For dry, lifeless hair take about half an ounce of olive oil, put it in a little bowl, put the bowl in very hot water until the oil is warm, wrap a flannel round your finger, dip in the oil and rub along various partings in the hair before you use your shampoo.

(3) As a hair setting lotion mix one part vinegar with three parts water. The disadvantage of this is that it leaves the hair smelling strongly of vinegar but it does make it nice and shiny.

(4) For glamorous eyelids and to avoid wrinkles smear over the tiniest smear of vaseline. Blot off with cleansing tissue.

(5) For long luxurious eyelashes, brush on a little castor oil.

(6) If your lips are rough and cracked take a tiny spot of vaseline and eucalyptus and rub this on at night.

(7) Cuticles giving you trouble? Try rubbing in a little tinc. benz. co. and vaseline.

(8) There is nothing better than zinc and eucalyptus for massaging the hands, just so long as you are careful to get rid of the smell afterwards by a thorough soap and water washing.

(9) Remember that tannic acid jelly is just as efficient for sunburn as it is for ordinary burns. All these things are easy to come by in hospital.

Off Duty

straight yoke and low hip pockets. The dress underneath is of elephant grey woollen material, very fine and smooth. It is fastened with tiny matching bone buttons. The silhouette is as neat and tailored as it can be and the narrow belt is mustard to match the coat.

The Spectator Sports colours are particularly good because the materials have been especially dyed for this collection. They include the new beaver brown, olive green, elephant grey, fuchsia, emerald, "slashing pink," and royalist blue.

AS usual, Matita has produced a collection of thoroughbred models which are bound to prove winners. The new colour here is beech leaf, which is a soft clear brown, equally good for blondes or brunettes. Snuff brown, aquamarine, dried lavender, and lilac are included in their new season's shades, and they have an exclusive shell pattern jersey which they use for day dresses to wear under fur coats.

There is a suit of multi-coloured angora shepherd's plaid which is a "honey." The skirt has two box pleats in front and one inverted pleat at the back. The classic jacket fits snugly down over the hips and the shirt waist is of chartreuse green shantung. The advantage of this multi-coloured shepherd's plaid is that it looks well with so many different coloured shirts or jumpers.

Many of the dresses and jackets look like suits and shirts. One dress, in heavy brown jersey, has a plaid jersey blouse top and is worn with a suit jacket. Snuff-brown tweed is used for a top coat worn over a dried lavender and snuff-brown tweed suit with double flap pockets. The shell jersey is used for a good-looking black dress with slight drapery shirred into a centre panel to accentuate the bust and hipline. It is also used in a soft shade of aquamarine.

Another dress in this material is the shade of vin rosé. It is also shown in beech-leaf brown. The skirt of this dress has a flat front basque only and the collar and belt are in hyacinth blue.

Both these collections are particularly interesting, as the models are bought by the big stores in all the most important provincial towns.

END

Buy an extra bedcover and have curtains to match.

to add charm and comfort to your bedroom

To those who take a prideful interest in their home, Vantona Court series Bedcovers offer unequalled advantages in bedroom furnishing. When used for curtains so that draperies and bedcovering really match, they contribute considerably to the beauty of a room. Being entirely of cotton, they wash with complete safety and retain their original brightness of colour.

Vantona Court series Bedcovers are one of the Vantona range of household textiles, guaranteed to give satisfaction. There is a wide range of styles, qualities, and prices.

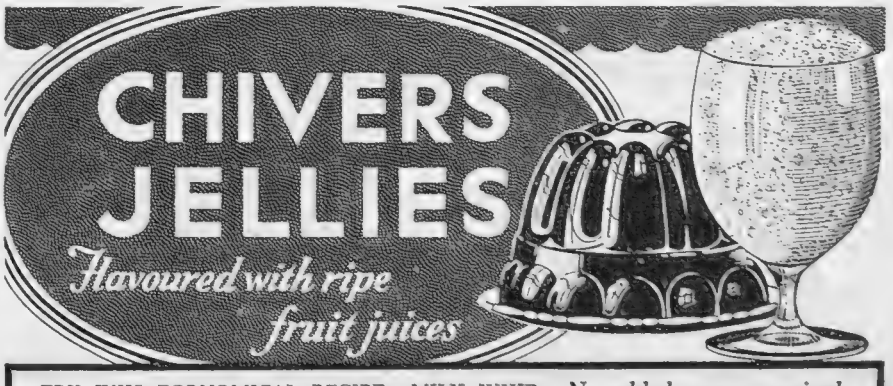
The following are among the many fashionable stores who regularly feature VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers: LONDON *Peter Robinson Ltd.:* BOURNEMOUTH *Bobby & Co. Ltd.:* CAMBRIDGE *W. Eaden Lilley & Co. Ltd.:* HEREFORD *Greenlands Ltd.:* LINCOLN *Mawer & Collingham Ltd.:* NORWICH *Trevor Page & Co. Ltd.:* READING *Wellsteeds Ltd.:* WORTHING *Jordan & Cook Ltd.*

Down quilts are now worn *under* the bedcover. VANTONA Utility Comforter (50s. and 3 gns.) supplies the need.

Ask your retailer to show you also VANTONA Blansheets, VANTONA Woven Bedspreads, VANTONA Morning Joy Towels, VANTONA Waffle Bath Mats, Pram Rugs, and other VANTONA household textiles.

VANTONA Court SERIES BEDCOVERS

Issued by Vantona Textiles Ltd., Manchester



TRY THIS ECONOMICAL RECIPE—MILK WHIP *No added sugar required*

1 pint packet Chivers Jelly (any flavour)
2 dessertspoonsful Milk
1 dessertspoonful Chivers Jam
5 dessertspoonsful stale breadcrumbs

Soak the breadcrumbs in the milk and mix thoroughly, then mix the jam well in. Make jelly as directed on packet and when cool and on the point of setting, whisk with a wheel or wire whisk, until stiff. Fold in the milk mixture and serve in individual glasses.

J/336

★ By reason of the organic weakness of their eyes, spectacle wearers—especially those engaged in sedentary occupations and close work—often suffer more than others from the vicious circle of general nervous tension—especially in War-time. Where can this 'vicious circle' most easily be broken? Everyone who has tried Optrex for this purpose knows the answer. It is through the nerves of the eyes—by relieving the congestion of the myriad of tiny veins in the eyeball. The very act of douching the eyes is a relief in itself, and the soothing and tonic effect of using Optrex spreads itself immediately to the whole system. An eye bath with Optrex takes only a minute, and in addition to relieving ocular congestion, it guards your eyes against irritation, redness, watering and infection. It makes you feel better and look better—and it safeguards your sight.

Doctors and Opticians everywhere use and recommend Optrex.

Whether you wear glasses or not you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex

BRAND

EYE LOTION

Sold by all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath) and 3/6, nearly three times the quantity (without eye-bath). Also try Optrex Eye Masks, in stylish streamlined glass containers for the dressing-table.

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex.

"The Rock"

(Continued from page 23)

The Rock's real history begins, like its name of Gibraltar (Jebel-Tarik), in the eighth century of our era, when the Saracen chief, Tarik ibn Ziad, incited, so the tale goes, by Julian, the Spanish Governor of Ceuta, to satisfy a private grudge against his king, Roderick the Goth, attacked and fortified it. Thereafter its story is one of capture and recapture by Moor and Spaniard in turn, until in 1462 it was finally taken by the Spaniards.

In 1540 it was again attacked by a Moslem invader—this time the celebrated Corsair, Hayraddin or Barbarossa, who appeared before the fortress with a fleet manned by 1,000 Christian slaves labouring at the oar, and 2,000 fighting men. The city was stormed and sacked, the troops retiring hastily within the fortress, and the Corsair was induced to withdraw by the promise of a payment of 7,000 ducats, the release of all Turkish slaves in the place, and the right to use the wells of Gibraltar to water his ships. But his triumph was short lived, for a Spanish squadron put forth in pursuit, and inflicted a severe defeat on the wolves of the sea.

After this, the Emperor Charles V, profiting by the lesson, employed an Italian engineer, Juan Battista Calvi, to erect various walls and fortifications, the remains of which, known as Charles V's Wall, are still in existence.

A little later the Genoese, Admiral John Andrea Doria, the "John Dory" of ballad and legend, took five Turkish galleys in the Straits, after which he gave a large silver lamp to burn before the altar in the chapel of "La Virgen de Europa," which then stood near the site of the present lighthouse on Europa Point.

In 1607 Gibraltar witnessed one of the fiercest naval engagements in its history, when the Dutch Vice-Admiral Jacob Heemskerk with ten or twelve ships fought for eight hours a Spanish fleet four times as strong, and completely defeated it.

Nearly a century later, Britain appears on the stage for the first time.

In 1704—the year in which Blenheim was fought—the British fleet under Sir George Rooke had landed the Archduke Charles at Lisbon and gone on to bombard Barcelona, but with little success. Rooke then sailed eastward, and, having effected a junction with the fleet under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, proceeded to attack Gibraltar. Eighteen hundred English and Dutch marines were landed on the sandy strip connecting the Rock with the mainland, now known as the Neutral Ground, and the fortress was summoned to surrender in the name of its rightful king, Charles III. The reply was that they were subjects of Philip V and owned no other sovereign; and Rooke then ordered the attack to begin. Fifteen thousand shot were fired into the fortress in five or six hours, after which a party of armed boats under Captain Whitaker attacked the South Mole. Captains Hicks and Jumper, in their eagerness to be the first on the Mole, pushed forward ahead of the rest, and a mine killed two officers of their party and forty men. None the less, they pressed on; and on a second summons the garrison surrendered. The name of Jumper's Bastion still commemorates this feat of daring.

Rooke now sailed away to win fresh laurels at Malaga, and stout old Sir John Leake, a valiant man of Rotherhithe, whose memorial is to be seen in the Parish Church of Stepney, remained to watch over his capture. He was not long left unchallenged. Spain did not intend to lose so important a position without making a strong bid for its recapture; and, not long after Leake and his squadron had sailed for Lisbon to victual and refit, the Marquis de Villadaria began to lay siege to the Rock with a force of 8,000 men. The siege lasted from October to March, and on one occasion at least the fortress was in grave danger of being taken. Five hundred picked volunteers of de Villadaria's army had sworn on the Sacrament to recapture the Rock for Spain or die in the attempt; and one night, led by a goat-herd who knew the mountain tracks well, they made their way through the Pass of Locust Trees, and had reached the Signal House before their presence was detected. The moment was one that called for prompt action. Already the advance guard of the intruders were at work hauling up their reinforcements by means of ropes and ladders to the top of the Rock, and if they could have succeeded in establishing themselves strongly, things would have looked very black for the garrison, who would then have been completely commanded by the enemy's guns.

But the garrison, caught napping for the moment though they were, acted promptly. A party of Grenadiers was very quickly on the scene, and a hundred of the invaders were driven pell-mell over the cliffs, after which their comrades surrendered at discretion.

The siege, however, continued, and the garrison was hard pressed when Leake arrived in the bay with his ships, drove four Spaniards ashore, and finally raised the siege. Eight years later, when the Peace of Utrecht was signed, Gibraltar was formerly ceded to England, "in all manner of right for ever."

It was not until 1779 that the combined forces of France and Spain attacked the fortress, whose garrison was then under the command of General George Augustus Eliott, afterwards created Lord Heathfield, a younger son of Sir Gilbert Eliott, the then laird of Stobs in Roxburghshire.

The siege began on July 16, 1779, and the Rock was soon closely blockaded. The garrison, consisting of over five thousand men, soon began to feel the effects of the food shortage, and prices, both in the citadel and the town, soared to famine height. Mutton was 3s. to 3s. 6d. a pound, veal 4s., a pig's head 19s., and a goose a guinea.

On January 15 Rodney's fleet sailed into the bay, with an imposing array of prizes and transports, to relieve and revictual the fortress, among his midshipmen being William, Prince of Wales, later to reign as King William IV. Supplies were now plentiful; but among the stores brought by Rodney's fleet was a quantity of salt meat, which was to prove almost as great a peril to the beleagued garrison as the combined forces of France and Spain. Scurvy broke out as a consequence of its use, and caused nearly as many casualties as the enemy's guns, as well as reducing many of the defenders to a condition of the greatest debility and depression.

Rodney sailed away again in February, and soon the Rock was as closely invested as before.

So the siege dragged on—day by day, week by week, month by month, at last, year by year. Admiral Darby relieved the garrison a second time, and the besiegers were so annoyed by this further blow to their hopes of success that they proceeded to subject the town to a savage bombardment which laid the greater part of it in ruins, and killed many of the civil population. In this, as in other respects, the besiegers of Gibraltar seem to have been in advance of their time, for they also appear to have used a form of incendiary bomb calculated to explode some time after being discharged.

After the bombardment there was a certain amount of looting on the part of the garrison, and the strongest disciplinary measures were taken against the offenders. The fate of the looters was generally a grim one.

As time went on, and the siege appeared no nearer its end, the Duc de Grillon, who commanded the French and Spanish forces, called in the aid of M. d'Arcon, a distinguished military engineer, who brought out a scheme which was confidently expected to make a quick end of the stubborn British resistance.

M. d'Arcon's "secret weapon" was neither more nor less than a fleet of floating batteries; these fireproof vessels were armoured with six or seven feet thickness of green timber, further reinforced with copper, iron and raw hides. The casing was filled with wet sand, and there were also currents of water running through the structures which, if pierced by hostile fire, would extinguish any resulting conflagration. They were, moreover, provided with slanting bomb-proof roofs to throw off any projectiles that might fall on them; and,

in fact, everything humanly possible had been thought of to render them impervious against the heaviest fire. They might almost be described as an early kind of amphibious tank.

Naturally, news of these preparations had filtered through to the garrison; and Eliott had also been making his preparations when the great day of the attack arrived. M. d'Arcon's fearsome engines, supported by the whole might of the French and Spanish navies, advanced to the assault, and thousands of shells were soon being thrown into the fortress. They were met by salvos of shot, which had been seven times heated, like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, in furnaces built in preparation for the occasion. At first they had no effect, and the British gunners began to doubt of their value. But as time went on, and the shot became even hotter, they were seen to be registering hits on the floating batteries, and soon two were in flames. The fires spread, and so did the panic among the crews. Soon the bay was full of burning vessels, and miserable wretches who were jumping into the sea to escape from being burned to death by Eliott's "roasted potatoes," as the British gunners called their missiles. The enemy's loss in material as a result of this failure was reckoned at above two millions sterling; and the disaster effectually broke the back of the investment.

When the siege was finally raised on February 2, 1783, it had lasted for three years, seven months, and eleven days, and was thus one of the longest, as well as being among the most remarkable and stubborn defences, in the history of war. . . .

A lion—an old lion—gaunt, battle-scarred, but still terrible—keeping guard for ever over the narrow seas—Gibraltar. . . .

END

Dressy Jumper

(*Continued from page* 40)

cast off 14, work 44. Continue on these 44 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 30 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Return to other side and work to correspond.

Pick up 50 sts. round front of neck with No. 11 needles and work all k. rust for 2 rows. Now 6 rows green, and on 3rd row work * k. 4, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end to reduce the number of sts.

Finish green rows and work 2 rust rows. Cast off. Work 3 rows d.c. along shoulder edges in green, leaving 3 spaces in 2nd row for buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles cast on 54 sts., in rust. Work all k. for 2 rows. Work 6 rows k. green; then 2 rust. Change to No. 9 needles and the patt. and work 2 ins., not including cuff. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after until there are 78 sts. Work straight until there are 16½ ins. up side seam. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE BUTTONS (six alike)

Wind rust wool twice round left forefinger leaving an end hanging to be pulled up later. Put 15 d.c.s into this ring.

2nd round.—1 d.c. into each of 1st round of d.c.s. Pull up thread. **3rd round.**—1 d.c. into each d.c. **4th round.**—1 d.c. into every other d.c. Fasten ends off, drawing button together and pushing a little wool in to fill out.

THE BELT

Cast on 336 sts. in rust with No. 11 needles. Work 2 rows rust all k., 6 green and 2 rust. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons. Hem lower edge, showing narrow rust strip on right side.

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

Thursday Night at Ten (*Continued from page 15*)

Jocelyn—he's in charge here to-night. Squadron Leader Brown-Kempton, sir."

"Oh, major—we think that Dr. Hartmann is conveying a message to enemy aircraft by means of a code during his talks—we want him to be allowed to think he's broadcasting—have his voice recorded, but we want someone else to really broadcast his stuff and make pauses where we tell him to. Can I have Dr. Hartmann's script, please? Monty, the map and the grid."

"But Dr. Hartmann has begun his talk, we can't interrupt," Major Jocelyn expostulated courteously.

"I know—switch something over—get one of your announcers to read his bilge—man—there are hundreds of lives in this. Now, Monty, we'll send the bombers to the Yorkshire Moors—they can drop their pills there if our fighters don't get 'em first. What's the map reference?"

"H 5.5. looks pretty empty," said Tony Pelton. He was aware of a tickle against his cheek—it was a stray curl that escaped from under Monty's cap. "I wish I could get there in time."

"Our announcers' voices are well known." Major Jocelyn was querulous. "Every one will know it isn't the doctor."

"Look here, major, all they've got to do is to imitate Hartmann—now go and fix that up—and I want the script at once—I'll mark it where your bloke's got to cough and to pause. Get cracking man—there are sixty German aeroplanes over the North Sea with about a hundred tons of high explosive tied on to 'em and your announcer is going to tell 'em where to drop it."

"There's a train with five hundred tons of high explosive in a siding there," Monty whispered to Tony Pelton, pointing on the map. "If that went up it 'ud shake Birmingham a bit, wouldn't it."

"It would push it flat, me dear, just lay it sideways—and the population of Birmingham is—how many?"

"Don't call me 'me dear'—we'd better tell them to move the train." The girl's grey eyes were serious, but Tony Pelton found it difficult to concentrate—her face was so near his.

"No. I say, Oates, what about listening in to any telephone calls Hartmann gets? Someone must pass on target positions pretty quickly."

"I'll get Jocelyn to have a watch set on that; that'd be in code anyway and we wouldn't have time to work it out. We'll chase up all his contacts later—now we've got to put Fighter Command on to the Yorkshire Moors. As their bombers converge there they can be just sitting up—stairs ready. Monty, will you get a call through, please."

"Yes, sir—and shall I get that ammunition train moved?"

"No—don't do that but get a line through to them as well, we'll have them standing by with steam up—in case."

A slim girl in Air Force blue dived in and out of offices and took over the B.B.C. in effect. Many gasped, but all obeyed.

FIFTEEN minutes later Monty was the only listener to the real voice of Dr. Hartmann; she sat with earphones on in a corner of the library. Squadron Leader Brown-Kempton was at the telephone in direct connexion with Fighter Command, while the wing commander paced about cursing his luck at "mucking about on the floor" when there was a spot of bother over England.

"Oates" Brown-Kempton stopped Pelton—"Observer Corps stuff coming in—enemy aircraft approaching coast in three places—height about twenty thousand—there, there and there," he jabbed at the map.

"It's ten-fifteen—I hope that B.B.C. fellow is coughing in the right places," Tony glowered down at the map—inactivity gnawed at him. "If he slips a word in extra he might put thirty tons of H.E. into London! It's a hell of a risk." He mopped his damp forehead. "And all the fighters are over Yorkshire!"

"It'll be all right, you'll find," Brown-Kempton beamed generally, but suddenly wiped the grin from his face.

Pelton strained his ears to catch the piping voice on the squadron leader's telephone. "God, it's the ammunition train—they aren't going to Yorkshire at all!" Brown-Kempton shouted. "They're all converging on Birmingham!"

Tony Pelton was on the other telephone. "Stop all traffic on the down line—move the train down as quickly as possible. Don't stop in a town," he shouted.

Monty Towleigh dropped the earphones. "He's finished. I've got some notes here, but he didn't cough at all. She was obviously doubtful and worried. "The real Hartmann, I mean."

"We can't do anything now, but wait," Tony Pelton slipped his arm round her shoulders. "The fighters can't intercept them *before* they reach where the train is or *was*. They'll get some afterwards on the way back."

"It's a black show—I was so sure that was the code," Monty gulped.

"You couldn't have done anything, anyway, little girl," Tony whispered. "If it is another code, if it's nothing to do with Hartmann—you couldn't help. You've been wonderful all through; thinking of things—and doing them without waiting to be told. I think you're a topper. In fact I—I take a good view of you, Monty."

"It's decent of you," she sniffed and looked up at him with an unwonted softness in her grey eyes. "Come and help me check up on the ammunition train pin-point. It was E 7.5 wasn't it? I've got Hartmann's pauses all noted, but it's all rather—indefinite."

Tony and Monty were still struggling with the notes of Hartmann's real talk when the news came through of the bombing. The siding where the ammunition train had been was wiped off the map; the whole district was "browned" by the full strength of the sixty raiders—but there was nothing much there to kill—the train was ten miles down the line.

They were still working when the midnight news gave a laconic account of the incident, concluding with the simple statement that "twelve of the enemy raiders were destroyed as far as is known at present."

Brown-Kempton heaved himself out of his chair and pulled his jacket down. "If it's a code, it's a code dependent on the words—the B.B.C. only *pass* the script; I don't expect they alter it much," he growled. "Have a go at it to-morrow, Monty. It's a spot of shut-eye for me now—I feel as if I've got a touch of fever coming on."

THEY clambered into the long camouflaged car. Tony Pelton saw to it that they put Brown-Kempton down first. "Drop me at the next cross-road," Monty instructed the driver.

"You comfortable down here—no mess or anything, I s'pose?" he inquired. This girl was very efficient, but he loved the way those curls nestled under the cap; her eyes too—so straight.

"The usual billet, you know—but I prefer mahogany to fumed oak."

"I'm at 'The Falcon' in Framchurch, wine in the wood and so on—you must find it a bit binding in the evenings."

"We work pretty late—I hope Oates isn't going to have another 'go' of fever—it gets him down and——"

"If I can help—him, relieve the tedium of life in the intelligence branch, I'd like to——"

Monty laughed. "You sound nearly Victorian."

"Oh, all right, but if you are browned-off, ring up Framchurch 62 and I'll come over and run you up to town—if you don't want to, just hand out a dish of raspberries. I'm quite used to it."

"I'll remember—you take rather a poor view of yourself, don't you?"

The car slowed. "I get out here"—she continued, "Framchurch 62—I might need you." Monty slipped out of the car and somehow her hand brushed his as she went.

"That girl is a damn good type," Tony informed his tooth glass later on. "Wonder if I could get posted to the intelligence mob—later on—if I lost a leg or anything——" He smiled at the glorious prospect.

Tony was arguing with a man about the relative fighting qualities of the Messerschmitt "110" and the "Spitfire" when she rang him up a week later.

There was no introduction but the voice could belong to no one else. "How quickly can you get over here—it's nine-thirty now and I want you quickly?"

"Twenty minutes—I'll take off now. It's a bit late to go anywhere 'cept for a spot of dancing."

"Come quickly—I've got the code—the B.B.C. won't play and there's no one here."

"The code! What——"

"Dr. Hartmann speaks at ten to-night—and he must not start. The 'X' Force is embarked—you know where—come quickly."

Tony Pelton wrenched his car round the country lanes, he bounced off banks and hurled into blackness regardless. The gravel spurted as he drew up quivering before Ribston House. Monty hopped in.

"I'll direct you—the B.B.C. and like a bat out of hell."

He didn't speak again for ten minutes and the girl only gave laconic directions—in both minds there were two pictures. The humming black steel birds that were spurring the miles behind them at the rate of four a minute, the enemy bombers that approached the east coast. And the great grey hulks of the transports that lay off the west coast port. In those transports ten thousand men were packed. And the smooth tones of Dr. Hartmann's voice began at ten o'clock.

The warden tried to stop Tony in the hall, but the wing commander was up the stairs three at a time before he recovered from the surprise of the crashed open door.

"It's number three studio," Monty screamed after him.

"God, I hope it is," he gasped.

He flung himself at a door labelled "three" and straight at a stubby man in spectacles who stood before a microphone.

A bell rang and the man began: "Last week we talked of the third wave, the wave that——"

"Dr. Hartmann, isn't it?"

"Excuse me—an interruption," the broadcaster turned and smiled blandly.

"Collar him," Monty shouted and dived at the microphone. Tony did collar the doctor—low. They fell in a heap.

The next thing that the wing commander heard—he had his knees on the doctor's chest—were Monty's dulcet tones broadcasting to the listening world.

"Dr. Hartmann is slightly indisposed and will be unable to make his broadcast to-night. A programme of gramophone records will begin almost immediately."

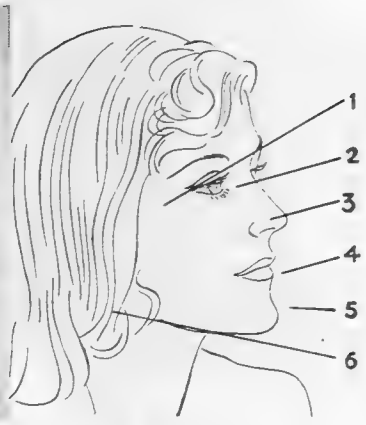
"Whoo," Tony whistled. "Talk about a flat-spin—haven't had such a flap on for years." They were in the car and just tottering along towards Ribston House. "What *was* the code, anyway?"

"It was in the opening words last time—that's why we didn't stop him—he didn't keep to the script exactly, 'power of Napoleon' instead of 'Napoleon's power,' that's how I got it. It's by repeating one word to divide the others. He said this: 'England fought the domination of Rome, England broke the power of Napoleon and now England will save the world again.' E is the fifth letter. Seven. Five. E 7.5. I was wet not to see it before. It's really quite simple to change the words a bit without altering the sense."

"You wet! You're the brightest, smartest—beautifullest girl there is! You——" He was driving with one hand now and beamed beatifically into the darkness ahead.

"I take a fair view of you generally," she said, but it was how she said it that mattered.

END



Analysis of *Lady Dorothea Head's* features

1. *Shape of face:* Heart-shaped, with a high forehead.

2. *Eyes:* Twinkling hazel eyes with changing bluish-green lights.

3. *Nose:* Patrician, with smooth fine skin. No large pores.

4. *Mouth:* Generous, with a humorous tilt at the corners.

5. *Chin:* Firm, well-shaped and youthful. Exquisitely clear skin.

6. *Hair:* Mid-brown, with golden highlights. Worn page-boy fashion.

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A Traitor Has No Home

(Continued from page 27)

Three English prisoners marched into the studio, guarded by an escort of three. Emerston did not look up. He pretended to be busy with his papers, but he was acutely aware of them. One shuffled his feet. He could hear one breathing. One whispered: "Well, well, well, the fun factory itself!" and another chuckled. He was aware that the man who perpetually occupied the other desk—his personal gaoler—took a sheet of paper from the escorting sergeant and placed it on the desk before him.

He read the names of the three men and their regiment—the South-East Hampshires. Private George Atkins, Corporal William Coombs—and Captain Egan Willoughby Titherage.

Egan Willoughby Titherage—Egan Willoughby Titherage—Emerston raised his eyes slowly from the desk. He faced Egan's amazed recognition. He rose and walked round the desk.

"Well, well, well—Mr. Livingstone, I presume? How are you, Egan, old boy?" He held out his hand.

Egan kept his one free hand stiffly to his side. The other was in a sling, strapped to his chest. A bandage crossed diagonally over his forehead.

Emerston put his hands on his hips and stood in front of the other man. He was still smiling.

"How odd," he said, "that you and I should have met again—here of all places."

"Knowing you I don't suppose I should have been so surprised. But I couldn't believe that even you could sink so low."

"Spoken like a brave little hero, Captain Titherage. You so exactly express your country's smug hypocrisy. What do you suppose it was that brought me here?"

"Don't tell me I've been brought to Bremen to hear you explain yourself?"

"I explain nothing. Yours was a fine country while I had money; oh yes, fine, while I could play the good fellow to a lot of bloody parasites! A hell of a lot of English friends I had when I was broke. I came to a country where your friends don't count your money!"

Egan glanced sardonically at the big man sitting with the revolver before him. "It's nice to see that you have found such a nice trusting room-mate."

The man growled: "Don't waste time, Herr Emerston. Get on with the interviews."

Emerston instructed them. "I am going to do the talking. I'm going to tell my version of how you were taken prisoner. If you interrupt you will be treated to a tap on the head with a revolver butt. When you come to the microphone you may each give your love to your wives or sweethearts, or whoever else you think might give a damn. You may also say that you are well and that you have ample food—that and nothing else." He turned to Egan. "I even have to forgo myself the pleasure of asking you to give my love to Verna."

Egan took a swift step towards him, but was jerked back by one of the guards.

The three listened grimly while Emerston spoke into the microphone. It was the usual stuff: righteous, happy, maligned Germany; England in the hands of Jews and international criminals. Emerston was faithfully serving his new masters. The first two men gave their messages, one to give new hope to his old mother in a Hampshire village, the other to his wife and baby in London. They were eagerly anxious to reassure them.

Verna, at her mother's home in the country, sat trembling by the radio. She had heard that Egan was missing, and had read that the three men from Egan's regiment were to broadcast. But she could scarcely believe her ears when she heard his name announced. And then with her in the room was his voice:

"Verna, if you are listening, I want to tell you that I am safe, and well, and to send you my love." Suddenly his voice took on a sharper note: "And the new Traitor of Bremen is——" There was a crack and then silence. Then the voice of the announcer said: "Captain Titherage has had a slight mishap. His wife can rest assured that he will be quite himself again almost immediately. And that is the end of our broadcast in English."

Verna sat staring at the radio.

THE prison officer looked up from the order on the desk before him. "Captain Titherage; what do you want him for?"

"Further interrogation at the Ministry of Propaganda."

"I see. Last time they interrogated Captain Titherage he came back here half dead."

Emerston smiled. "In that case you won't be surprised if this time he doesn't come back at all!"

"I'm not surprised at anything that comes from that quarter." He turned to the orderly. "Fetch Captain Titherage." He glanced at Emerston's uniform. "And to what use do they put infantry captains at the Ministry?"

"They discovered that I was a good interpreter. I speak English like an Englishman."

"And are you one?"

Emerston glanced up at the picture of Hitler above the officer's head. "No. No, I am not an Englishman. I have been mistaken for one."

The officer scribbled an order, stamped it and handed it to Emerston. "Give this up to the guard at the gates."

When Titherage was marched in, Emerston looked at him without recognition. "Is this the man, captain?"

"Yes."

Emerston turned abruptly to Egan. "March!"

As they walked towards a camouflaged car standing in the yard he said in a low voice: "Would it be too much to ask you to pretend not to know me?"

Titherage answered contemptuously: "Nothing would suit me better."

They halted at the gates while the guard identified the prisoner and checked the order. When at last they were clear and on the open road Egan noticed that his escort took a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Instead of turning in the direction of Bremen, they turned south.

Emerston spoke first: "How do you feel?"

"If you mean can I stand another beating up, yes. This time I'm going to see if I can hurt somebody else at the same time."

"Listen, Egan, this isn't a beating-up party."

"How unusual! May I ask what it is?"

Emerston tapped his uniform and the steering wheel of the car. "This is a stolen uniform and this is a stolen car. At the present moment I am Captain Eric Streiker. Does that convey anything to you?"

There was a long silence, then Egan said: "You are helping me to get away. It seems like that; but why?"

"I keep asking myself the same question. I saw a long string of cars lined up all looking exactly alike; I thought how amusing it would be to pinch one of them and change the number."

"What about the uniform?"

"This? Oh this was given to me last year by Captain Eric Streiker. I thought it would be amusing to appear at a fancy dress dance in it—in England. But I left it at Hamburg with some other stuff of mine. I nearly burned it not long ago; because it's dangerous for a civilian to have an officer's uniform lying around. As a matter of fact I have two. The other is a private's, I'm sorry to tell you. It's in the back of the car."

"Why bring that along?"

"It's for you. You'd better get into the back now and see if you can get it on. How about that arm, can you take it out of the sling yet?"

"The doctor said I could try to-morrow."

"Think you can do it to-day?"

"Yes, of course."

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Formosa Lotion for strengthening, 10/- Post Free.

They stopped only long enough for Egan to get into the back seat.

"I'll drive on while you change. Lie on the floor if we pass anything." Emerston was keeping to by-roads and there was very little traffic. But even so changing for Egan was a slow process.

"The steel helmet will cover that bandage on your head if you can stand it."

They joined the main highway again and drove on—endlessly.

"There's a place in the Saar where you should be able to get through."

"That's where I was in the line."

"I know that. I know this side like the palm of my hand," he smiled bitterly. "I did a lot of speaking there at the time of the plebiscite. Later the officers used to show me something of what was going on. I saw a great deal that they didn't show me."

"You'd have made a good spy for England."

Emerston shook his head. "I'd have made a good spy for anybody—that's the trouble."

They drove hour after hour, all day and on into the night.

After the first stop Emerston explained to him: "I'm travelling with a special pass from the Ministry of Propaganda to get first-hand interviews with prisoners brought to the front line. It is a pass somebody foolishly left in his pocket when he hung his coat up to have a wash—I changed the name. I doubt if the owner has dared to admit yet that he lost it."

"You seem to have made a lot of preparation. How did you get the order for my release?"

"Oh, those are often about the broadcasting place. I managed to get one meant for someone else and changed the name on that, too. It's a printed form with just the name of the prisoner, the stamp, and the director's signature."

They were stopped again and again. It seemed to Egan that each stop was longer and the scrutiny more intense.

Far ahead of them, dull and vibrant, they could hear the sound of guns.

An hour later, they climbed stiffly from the car and went on on foot. The guns were silenced and the night was as quiet as a tomb. Their footsteps echoed on a deserted village street. The sharp bark of a sentry startled them from the darkness.

The sentry looked at the pass. Headquarters? Why they had come miles too far! Take the lane to the left and go back along the main road.

They took the lane to the left but slipped into a wood and went on as they had been going. Guns fired again, away behind them, guns answered about an equal distance ahead.

They went on farther. Egan touched his arm. "I know it now, like the fields at home. Over there on the right they got me."

Emerston stopped. He took an envelope from his pocket. "Here, take this. Don't lose it, it's a report on a new broadcasting scheme they have, dangerous if you people don't know about it, they should—it's dangerous—and urgent."

Egan looked at him in amazement. "Aren't you coming, too?"

Tom Emerston shook his head and thrust the envelope into Egan's hand. "Tell Verna it was a present from me. Tell her it cost even more than the one I bought in Nice." He turned away.

Egan caught his arm. "Tom, listen to me! Don't you want to come home?"

Emerston whipped his automatic from its holster. When he spoke his voice was trembling: "A traitor has no home. I thought even you would know that! Now are you going, or am I going to shoot you dead in your tracks?"

Egan Titherage hesitated and then turned and crept forward into the darkness. Seventy yards farther on he dropped to the ground at the sound of a pistol shot, but he did not hear the whine of any bullet. He half turned back, felt the envelope in his pocket, turned again and crept on towards the British lines.

"A traitor has no home!"—epitaph for Tom Emerston. A sob broke from his throat as he crept on.

END

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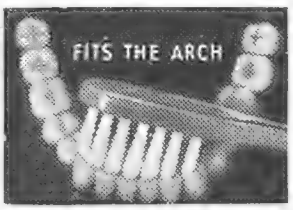

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McCall's PAYSANDU OX-TONGUES

Lighting-up Time

(Continued from page 44)

arrangement which is adequate to permit decorative and cheerful lighting in every room. Black lined curtains have proved to be the best but even these sometimes show a weakness in their failure to extend sufficiently far beyond the frames of the window.

Light chinks are apt to appear in these places and again where curtain railways allow the fabric to hang too far away from the window frame. These gaps must be stopped at all costs unless lighting itself is to suffer.

Light-tight ventilation is another aspect of the lighting plan which should be well considered before the winter comes in. The sore throats which became so prevalent last winter, were attributed largely to the lack of ventilation in overheated rooms.

There are now several styles of ventilator traps on the market which can be bought and fitted with perfect ease to every type of window. These often take the form of slatted pelmet boards, but it is quite a simple matter to arrange a ventilator in an existing pelmet board.

This can take the form of a series of slanting cuts in the centre front of a wooden pelmet or, if a fabric pelmet is in use, the same ventilating slats can be cut in the pelmet board which supports the fabric If the cuts are made on the principle of the closed venetian blind there is an adequate intake of air behind the curtains without danger of filtering light.

At french casements and other doors a semi-circular curtain railway which leaves sufficient space between the hangings and the door to admit one person is a good way of admitting air and of shielding the door from reflected light, even when it is open.

There must, of course, be a light trap at the top to prevent the infiltration of light from above.

In most homes little drastic alteration is necessary to ensure scientifically controlled lighting which will enhance the appearance of the room as well as having a helpful psychological effect. In many cases it will be merely a matter of adjustment, but in all cases the trouble or cost involved will be amply repaid by results.

END

Where Film Fortunes Go

(Continued from page 16)

him up, and his pay roll soars to the heights.

William Powell was down among the deadheads. Then his salary rose to £1,600 a week. Bing Crosby started at £30 a week. In an incredibly short time, he was drawing over £20,000 a year from pictures alone, not to mention gramophone records and radio.

But every one knows that the stars come and go. Maurice Chevalier was getting £1,500 a week. His contract has ended since then. Richard Barthelmess, too, is lucky if he is drawing £1,200 a week to-day.

And there is no reason to think that any star is too mighty for the dust-bin. It has happened to so many—bank accounts overdrawn, friends turning the cold shoulder, houses and possessions sold up at preposterously low prices.

Mabel Normand once made money as Chaplin's leading lady. She used to spend £20,000 a year on clothes. When she died, her estate wasn't worth winding up. And when her husband, Lew Cody, died five years later, a gold filling from one of his teeth had to be sold to clear a debt.

Lya de Putti made thousands in her time. She left precisely £600. Barbara la Marr starred opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his great film *The Three Musketeers*. Her eyes were insured for £5,000, which sounds a lot, although the premium was only £10 a year. But she died in poverty, five years after the world had hailed her first starring role. In that interval she had risen, fallen, sold her cars, seen her servants go, known all the misery of a falling star.

And for every famous screen star of whose pauperish death you hear, there are hundreds who have not died. Theirs is a living death. Every casting studio knows them. They are glad to wait for hours in the hope of getting a five-dollar job, just for the day. They wear dickies to save laundry bills, and paint their cheeks or dye their hair, to save youth.

Evelyn Brent was recently reported as "looking for a job." Charles Ray, who once played a yokel part and then staged a great comeback in sophisticated roles, is glad enough to-day that his savings enabled him to buy a small Hollywood flower shop.

The flowers save him the ignominy of looking round Hollywood for small character "bits."

Mae West invests her earnings in diamonds and sapphires. She thinks they're bound to go up and bound to stay up. Sure, they're soaring right now. But when she wants to sell them, will buyers be ready? Rudolph Valentino used to invest in jewellery. His wisdom did not save his estate from creditors.

Bing Crosby has formed a company to take care of his money. All that he earns goes into the company and he draws out only a little. Sometimes money is transferred—to another Crosby company, which runs racecourses.

Not racecourses, but racehorses, is the outlet for Fred Astaire. He buys them up for stud purposes, working it out that two horses in a stable are worth three in a field.

Clark Gable, Tom Walls, Spencer Tracy and George Raft, too, are shrewd men who have turned their hard-earned studio gains into quick winnings. On the Hollywood courses, fortunes can change hands in an afternoon.

This is fine for the chaps who never make a mistake. But for the saps who do?

Edward Everett Horton believes that quick money isn't simple. In his spare time, he owns and runs a theatre in Los Angeles. If he ever wishes to sell it, he can certainly rely on getting £50,000. And that is by no means a small fortune.

William Powell deals in stock. Al Jolson finds there are profits in land. Loretta Young puts her film profits into what she calls safe securities. Joan Crawford has invested a good deal of money in property, but she always buys land in good business positions and will never look at anything that happens to be too far "up town."

Shirley Temple's salary is being duly invested by her parents. Greta Garbo has bought a limousine, after clinging to an old car for years, and a thirty-room mansion in Sweden, with wide-spreading grounds, to which she is always threatening to retire.

But that is her sole extravagance. The rest of her fortune she has distributed over American and European banks, determined not to lose a penny by unwise speculation.

Gracie Fields, too, has saved much of her money.

Gracie is always generous. And yet she doesn't fling her money about. She has a fortune safely invested, but it won't prove to be as large as one might expect.

Ginger Rogers, too, puts most of her money away, after a good many relatives have been given handsome presents. So does Walt Disney, who lives to-day in the same house he and his wife settled in ten years ago—a six-roomed bungalow.

Relatives, charities, clothes—these are the three big snags in the film business. The girl who becomes a star finds herself related to dozens of nephews and nieces she has forgotten.

Her aunts, her uncles, her cousins—all line up with outstretched palms, not to

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mention mothers, fathers and grandparents on both sides.

Hospitals, begging-letter writers, political and trade organisations, all line up and play the same tune, "Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

Some film stars spend fortunes on their clothes, their cars, their homes, even before they can afford to do so. These things are essential trappings of success.

They are good publicity. Many film contracts actually demand them under the "prestige" clause. Money spent upon them is supposed to make money.

But sometimes the money stops. A fortune has gone down the drain.

Things are not as bad as they used to be. For every film actor or actress who sinks to drink or dope, there are dozens who live to retire in happiness and sunshine. They do manage to save their money. They do manage to get out with it. And ever since it became good publicity to be human, stars have had an opportunity of escaping the "prestige" clause.

Elisabeth Bergner has a bank balance, for instance. She has bought a house at Hampstead. So has Robert Donat. Marlene Dietrich puts money by for the sake of her little girl, for whom she constantly works and lives.

And, of course, in spite of the true income-tax statistics, no star ever makes the money you see in print. Roughly a quarter goes in income tax. Sometimes more. Wanda Tuchock, who has gained big money for years from her scenarios, recently told me that the terrific degree of taxation in America made money hardly worth hoarding.

Take away the tax. Discount ten or twenty per cent for the fees of film star's agents, the men who find them the jobs. Discount, then, their living expenses, remembering that Hollywood is the most expensive place on earth.

The wonder is not that some film stars spend all their money. The miracle is that some of them manage to save six-figure fortunes during the brief years of their screen career.

END

This Partnership Business

(*Continued from page* 31)

any one might have had to wait around for her. That appointment with Dr. Pressman ran true to form, where Claudette Colbert was concerned.

She arose in the morning a trifle earlier than usual, full of determination and desire to keep the appointment at the agreed hour. But . . . well, "but" is the right word. It was nearly one o'clock when a slightly breathless Miss Colbert arrived in Dr. Pressman's consulting rooms, expecting to be ushered in and questioned about her cinus trouble, without more ado. Instead, she ran bump into the arms of Dr. Pressman on his way out.

She did not know it was Dr. Pressman, when the bump occurred. But the next minute, when she had gasped out something about an appointment with Dr. Pressman, the young man into whom she bumped replied, without any kind of smile, "Sorry; but you are half an hour late. I'm just going out to lunch. Can't see you now. Sorry." There was one of those pauses, after that. Then young Dr. Pressman, with just a hint of a smile, announced that he was going to snatch his lunch at the counter of the drug store at the corner, and would she care to come along, and have some lunch there, too?

They sat side by side, on a couple of high, hard drug store counter stools. They had iced coffee and turkey sandwiches made with rye bread, decorated with mayonnaise, gherkins, and some lettuce leaves. They talked. Claudette's cinus trouble came into the conversation later, and another appointment was made. (*Continued on page* 70)

KEEP *Your* SKIN

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How wonderful to have a peach-bloom complexion—delicately smooth, softly radiant, velvet textured. Yet how easy. Thanks to Crème Simon M.A.T.—the new and different foundation cream. Crème Simon M.A.T. is "different" because it actually becomes part of your skin and has a marvellous toning and tonic effect on the tissues. It *prevents grease and shine from forming*. For it changes the very texture of your skin. Gives you—all and every day—a matt-as-a-peach complexion.

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Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

Claudette visited Dr. Pressman in his consulting rooms many times after that; but she told me she had not the slightest idea she was falling in love with him until she met him very unexpectedly, one day, on the golf links. Then she knew ! To-day, the lovely, white-walled house she shares so serenely with the clever man she calls "Jack" is one of the most popular of Hollywood's homes.

I went there to dine, one night, when Claudette was due to leave on the late train for New York. After dinner we all drove to the Santa Fé Station in Los Angeles, where Claudette had decided to board the train instead of picking it up at Pasadena, which is half an hour away, on the trip to New York. Most film stars go there to avoid the crowds that usually appear at Los Angeles. When Claudette was getting out of the car something happened, suddenly, as such things will, and Dr. Pressman's right-hand first finger was caught in the car door for a second.

It must have hurt him a good deal, but he declared he was perfectly all right, and insisted that Claudette should get into the train and think no more of the little accident. With a lot of reluctance, and a strange look in her eyes, Miss Colbert obeyed; and off went the train. After that, we drove round several miles, in order that Dr. Pressman's finger might be properly treated by a doctor pal of his. It must have been an hour later when we arrived once more at Claudette's white house in Holmby Hills.

When Dr. Pressman opened the door and we walked in who should rush into the hall to greet us but Claudette ! She had jumped off the train at Pasadena, hired a car, and had been waiting at home for us nearly twenty minutes. Asked what she meant by doing such a crazy thing she said: "Well, you didn't think I was going three thousand miles, wondering if Jack's finger was completely crushed, or only a trifle mauled, did you?" She stayed at home until she knew the injury was not too serious, and then departed for New York all over again. When people talk about the impossibility of a Hollywood marriage being a success I always like to remember that evening.

Irene Dunne met her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, a famous dental surgeon, when she was acting on the stage in New York. At that time talking films had never been heard of, and there was no probability that she would ever look at Hollywood's palm trees. Irene met Dr. Griffin at a dance at the Biltmore Hotel, to which she had gone with another man. She gave Dr. Griffin one dance during the evening, and their attraction for each other was instant and mutual. When he asked for her telephone number, she gave it. But she did not hear a word from him for six weeks. Then her telephone rang, and Dr. Francis Griffin was asking if she would have dinner with him that same night.

She did; and was told that he had fallen in love with her the minute he saw her at that Biltmore dance, but had spent the past six weeks fighting tooth and nail against his affection for her—because his family was extremely conservative, even primitive, in its ideas, and he had been brought up to believe that no man with any self-respect would ever marry an actress ! In proposing to Irene he did so on the understanding that she would give up her career when she became his wife. After raging and storming and refusing to marry him, ever, Irene gave in; and said acting was a thing of the past for her.

But just when their honeymoon ended she had a chance to play a wonderful part in *Show Boat*, and persuaded her husband that it would be crazy for her to refuse it. He saw her point of view, and so Miss Dunne became an actress once more. To-day, they have a home in New York and also in Hollywood. When Dr. Griffin's work permits he comes to Hollywood for long stretches, to be with Irene and their adopted daughter, Frances, whose pet name is "Missy." When Irene is not actually engaged in making a film she gets into the fastest train she can find, and hurries to join her husband in New York.

This Partnership Business

Much the same thing happens with Ann Sothern and her husband, Roger Pryor, whose work takes him all over the United States as conductor of his very popular dance band. At one time Roger Pryor was an actor, and when Mae West invited him to come up and see her sometime, as leading man in one of her films, it looked as though he would give up band conducting in favour of grease paint and cameras. But things did not work out that way; and soon after Roger married Ann he started off on his travels.

She went with him because her own career in Hollywood had reached what she calls a very sticky stage. She had climbed and flopped twice inside a few years; that one big right role, which would put her at the top and keep her there, did not seem inclined to show up. So Ann went off, without much regret, and was happy to tour round with Roger Pryor, until abruptly her agent arranged for her to play the part of "Maisie," which had been intended for the late Jean Harlow. "Maisie" put Ann into very big lights and very large pay cheques. So now she has a permanent home in Hollywood, and Roger Pryor dashes there by plane whenever he can; while Ann, between films, goes to join him on the road.

Janet Gaynor had been definitely "typed" by Hollywood, up to the time she made her triumphant hit in *A Star is Born*. She was considered the demure, Cinderella kind of girl; sun-bonnets, gingham frocks, and a milk pail appeared to suit her best. Actually, she is nothing like a Cinderella girl. It took the genius of a man named Gilbert Adrian to discover and develop, by means of clothes and coiffure, the real Janet Gaynor.

We know Gilbert Adrian better just as "Adrian." He is the man who designs all the marvellous frocks worn by Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, and dozens of other stars. He met Janet Gaynor when he had to design some dresses for her, for the film she moved over to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to make: *Small Town Girl*. He made her cut her hair shorter, and dress it high on her head in curls. He designed for her some amazing clothes, that brought out all the allure and devilment nobody had ever suspected the "Little Gaynor" could possibly possess. And he fell in love with the Little Gaynor, while all this was happening. She married Gilbert Adrian last year; and now they have a baby daughter, who should grow up to be quite a personality, with two such accomplished parents

If Myrna Loy had not walked into the office of Arthur Hornblow Jnr., at Samuel Goldwyn's studio, one afternoon about eleven years ago, she might have gone on being a slant-eyed vamp for the rest of her working life. Myrna was sick of being a vamp. She wanted to be herself on the screen; but nobody could see her as herself. They could only visualise her as a slinky siren, with very few clothes and a lot of make-up, and the kind of side-long glance that is known as enticing.

Myrna wanted something better. She had heard that there was a part she might be able to play in a new Ronald Colman film Samuel Goldwyn was about to put into production. So she went to talk to Sam's right-hand henchman, Mr. Hornblow. It was Arthur Hornblow who sensed, instantly, the brilliant, gay comedienne who was being strangled by a string of slinky vamps. He guided Myrna from that day; advised her, coached her, was responsible for getting her the role that really made her a star, in *Animal Kingdom*, with Leslie Howard. And finally, he became her husband.

They had to wait quite a long time before their happiness became complete. Rumour linked Myrna's name with that of many attractive men in and out of Hollywood. But she has loved only one man—the man who is now her husband. Arthur Hornblow is a producer of films. You see his name, in his own handwriting, sprawled boldly across the screen when most of the big Paramount pictures are being shown. He is in a different

studio to his wife; but their lives seem to fit together perfectly. Myrna told me that she is certain their marriage is all the happier because their interests are so similar, and because each of them understands the work being done by the other.

Jean Arthur met Frank Ross at a party in New York, when she had run away from Hollywood and tried to hide herself on Broadway in an effort to become a really good actress. Jean is intensely retiring, by nature; and though she had been in New York for some months she had never gone round on sight-seeing trips. She did not care to do such things alone, and there was nobody to go along with her, and explain all that is well worth explaining, in New York. Until she met Frank Ross. He took her to museums, and art galleries. He took her for long, lazy days on those boats that ply up and down the Hudson River. He showed her the wonderful city from the top of its skyscrapers. He fell in love with her, and she with him.

At first their marriage meant constant separation—when Jean had returned to Hollywood and made a real hit in the studios. This did not seem right, to either of them. So Frank Ross stopped designing houses for other people, designed one for Jean Arthur and himself, and went to Hollywood to live in it with her, at the same time taking up work as assistant producer to Milton Bren, at the Hal Roach Studios.

Virginia Bruce was convinced that she would never fall in love again, after the death of her husband, John Gilbert. With that conviction in her mind she went off on location with the film company that was to make *Bad Man of Brimstone*, with J. Walter Ruben as its director and Wallace Beery as its star. The location lasted nearly six weeks. When it came to an end Virginia had fallen in love again, not with good-looking Dennis O'Keefe, with whom she played love scenes for the cameras, but with Walter Ruben, who sat so quietly behind them doing his job as a director.

"Sonny" is Miss Bruce's name for her husband. The Walter J. Rubens have a lovely house at Pacific Palisades, with a library in which Virginia sits for hours, discussing with her husband every detail of the next film he is to produce or direct—for he does both, to-day. Here, again, mutual understanding of business interests does much to make for married happiness.

Gail Patrick is the wife of Bob Cobb, owner of all three Brown Derby Restaurants in Hollywood and Beverly Hills; a very rich, very astute business man. When they first met Gail thought she liked Mr. Cobb a great deal; but they quarrelled, and Gail nursed a broken heart until her friends persuaded her she was a fool not to hold out her hand again to the man who adored her. It was Bob who first gave her real confidence in herself. When she arrived in Hollywood she was considered "too ladylike" to make a hit. She found that people laughed at her because she did not smoke or drink. She told Mr. Cobb about this, one day, and his answer was: "Honey, what do you care whether they laugh or not? *I* like you just as you are!"

Leyland Hayward's name is mentioned with awe and respect, in Hollywood, for he is one of the cleverest agents in the film world, and has fought many bitter battles with important producers, always emerging a victor—for his clients. He has represented such stars as Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Miriam Hopkins. One day a new star came to his office, and said she wanted to join his list of clients. Her name was Margaret Sullavan. To-day she is Mrs. Leyland Hayward. And if people confuse her husband with Louis Hayward, who is married to Ida Lupino, she gets very wild indeed. Incidentally, friends who know the Leyland Haywards well, have told me that he is the only man who has ever been able to tame the girl who is referred to as "the Sullavan Firebrand."

Another young actress whose husband is an agent is Elizabeth Allan. She is married to William O'Bryen, of the well-known English firm of (*Continued on page 72*)

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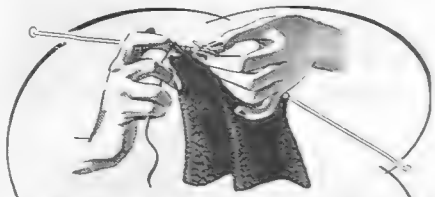

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GO TO IT !

O'Bryen, Linnit, and Dunfee. To-day, I should write of him as Major O'Bryen. He has rejoined the army, after serving in the last war to such fine effect that he was awarded the M.C. twice, and also the Croix de Guerre. But you don't get told about that part of his life, unless you know him very well! Elizabeth Allan was acting in *Michael and Mary*, with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. She had always wanted to get work in films, and discussed this idea with Bart Marshall several times.

Finally, he advised her to go and see Bill O'Bryen, and say he had suggested it. She did, whereupon Mr. O'Bryen did everything in his power to start her in a film career. He introduced her to the late Julius Hagen,who was the first film producer to say she would photograph well. All the others had declared she was "not the type." She got her first job in *Alibi*, as the maid; and then Bill O'Bryen took her to Alexander Korda, who engaged her for the ingénue lead in *Service for Ladies* with Leslie Howard as the star. Not long after, Miss Allan—it is hard to think of her as anything but "Liz"—became Mrs. O'Bryen, and when she first went to Hollywood, through her husband's arranging, he went with her. It was there I met her, and have happy memories of many gay evenings spent at her house in Beverly Hills, where she took pride in gathering Britishers, and giving them "a real English meal."

To-day, Liz is back on the stage, in England. Bill O'Bryen, apart from his business as an agent, has become one of London's busiest and best-known theatrical producers. At present he is content to leave his business in the hands of his partners, while he works as a soldier once more.

Wendy Hiller met her future husband, Ronald Gow, when she was engaged to play the lead in the play *Love on the Dole* of which he was part author. Their romance began in London—in the shape of a very occasional cup of tea in her dressing-room, during matinées—and continued in New York, when the play was sent over there with Wendy as its star. Though Ronald Gow knew he was in love with her, she did not seem to know if she was in love with him, or not. He proposed more than once, but was met with a refusal.

He took her one day, so he told me, to the top of the Empire State Building, knowing she did not like high places. He hoped she would be so anxious to get to street level again that she would say "Yes" in a great hurry when he renewed his request that she should marry him, as they stood on a narrow balcony with the city spread at their feet umpteen floors below. But Wendy did not say "Yes" until much later. She is now Mrs. Ronald Gow and her husband is writing plays for her, apart from helping with her film career.

On an Atlantic liner, returning from a holiday in Europe, Miriam Hopkins met Anatole Litvak, the Russian-born film director to whom she is now married—or was, when this story was written. She announced that their divorce would go through at any time; but it has not, and as they have been seen together again, all round Hollywood, she may have altered her

This Partnership Business

decision. Miriam was going back to Hollywood on the liner above-mentioned, to play in *The Sisters*, which Mr. Litvak directed. On the boat they were introduced the first night out, and by the time they reached New York they were great friends. Their friendship developed during the making of the film, and soon afterwards they were married. When they go out together, in Hollywood, they cause a lot of amusement to their friends; for they are either not speaking to each other, or indulging in gales of laughter while they have a perfectly wonderful time. Maybe it's just temperament.

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester were on the stage when they met and married. In one sense they belong to the same profession, for Miss Lanchester is an actress of great ability, with a biting acidity that makes her invaluable in certain character roles. But she is more than just an actress. She is a writer of punch and personality; her life story of her famous husband is one of the most entertaining and "real" books of its type ever written. And she is an amateur photographer of such skill that her work deservedly steps into the professional class—as, indeed, it has done, for much of it has been published.

Alexander Korda, film producer, put Merle Oberon, film actress, in the star class; and is now her husband. In a film made some years ago at Wembley, called *Wedding Rehearsal*, the wise and far-sighted Mr. Korda from Hungary introduced to the public three young girls, all destined to make big names. The girls were Merle Oberon, Wendy Barrie, and Joan Gardner. Merle is now Mrs. Korda, Wendy is a Hollywood star, and Joan has married Alex Korda's art-director brother, Vincent Korda. There was another girl in the same film, Diana Napier by name. She is now Mrs. Richard Tauber.

Gene Markey wrote the scenario for a film Hedy Lamarr made when she went to Hollywood from Europe. Like the rest of the world he fell in love with her; and, luckier than other men who must adore her only from a distance, he married her. She acts, and he writes, and the partnership seems to work out very well indeed. Joan Bennett signed a contract to appear in films made by Walter Wanger, about two years ago. She has been seen in several Wanger films, and is now Mrs. Walter Wanger. Her husband, whose films are growing more and more important with the passing months, was once described to me as a "man of few words who knows how to make a quick decision."

He made a very quick decision, where Miss Bennett was concerned; but for quite a long time she did not agree to become Mrs. Walter Wanger. Hollywood gossips stated, not so many months ago, that the wedding would never take place; but rumour was wrong, and on Friday, January 12, 1940, Joan married Mr. Wanger at Phœnix, Arizona. Friday the 12th, which is quite a way removed from the other kind of Friday.

That's all for to-day, about "This Partnership Business." They are all such clever, pleasant people. Let us hope the partnerships continue for many years to come.

END

Uncle Sam Girds His Loins

(*Continued from page* 5)

Britain put into Flanders. The army chiefs are said to want a 750,000-strong army ultimately. But Congress has set the expanded army at 375,000, and the army is reported to be finding difficulty in getting the 280,000 men it immediately needs. So far, the politicians shirk the conscription issue (it happened in Britain, too, almost up to zero hour).

No munitions industry, or A.R.P. organisation exists. These, and other war and defence organisations, have to be built from the ground up. And plant expansion is hampered, as I write, by political factors. The Americans have been indulging in the luxury of a political civil war since Roosevelt and the New Dealers came to power, following the collapse of "prosperity"; and Congress hasn't yet removed the New Deal legislative obstacles blocking co-operation between business and the Government. The New Deal laws and regulations governing taxation, profits and labour conditions, make it impossible for an industrialist to expand his plant, in order to take on government work (which won't last indefinitely), without inevitably incurring huge loss, and maybe going bankrupt.

In brief, the Americans find themselves about where the British were before their political leaders could or would admit the necessity of any of the measures—from

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shadow factories to a supply ministry, longer labour hours, heroic finance, draconian controls, a small all-party war cabinet, a political truce and a Winston Churchill—which are necessary before a democracy can hope to fight a modern war, on the scale and at the pace set by the Prussian caste professionals and their bosses, the draconic Nazi political revolutionaries.

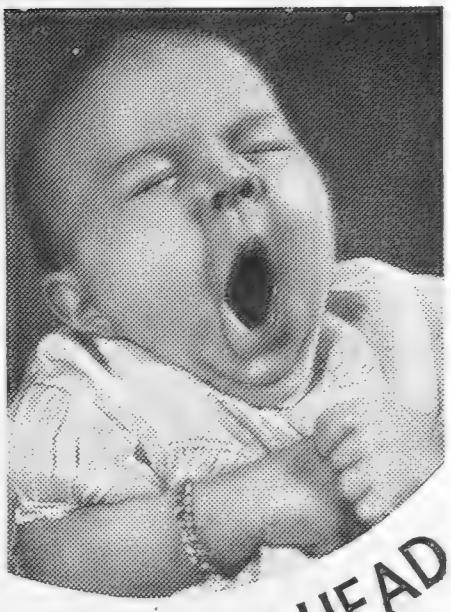
The first world war was a vast muddled struggle, in which thirty nations fought aimlessly, three great empires—Romanoff, Hohenzollern and Hapsburg—collapsed, and the belligerents came to full strength slowly. The second world war, incubated in the first, and now emerging in clearer outline from the smoke and flame of the Allied-German war (which some prefer to call the Civil War of the West) measures against the first world war as one of the old weaponless 1914 army planes measures against a "Spitfire." The time factor, especially, has been enormously speeded up. That, and other related things, the Americans have lately discovered with the consternation of a man who retires to bed in his own comfortable room, and awakes to find himself in a nocturnal jungle echoing with the howls and slaverings of beasts of prey.

War power to-day is an integration of trained and disciplined men, equipped with the best machines and weapons, and backed by the whole organised resources of a great industrial state working at maximum intensity. The Nazis always realised that—Ludendorff, Hitler's old ally, knew it before his war ended in 1918, and he cursed Kaiser, Reichstag and German democratic politicians, and turned for consolation to Wotan worship. Realisation came too late to the French. Between May and June 1940 the basic truth about modern war hit the American mind a steam-hammer blow.

Hastily Congress investigated the national defences. They were in an alarming state. The citizens learnt that they had the world's second largest navy, with 176,215 officers and men (including marines) manning fifteen battleships, five aircraft carriers, thirty-five cruisers, 219 destroyers and ninety-five submarines, with 2,150 naval air arm planes. But the Admiralty chief returned from the Pacific manœuvres to report an advantage—"temporary," he qualified—for the warplane over the warship. The American warship hulls needed changing to meet the attack of torpedo and mine. The superstructure had to be altered to cope with aerial bombs. Protection had to be built in to protect gunners and communications. Anti-aircraft gun batteries had to be installed: they had nothing like the number needed to fight off warplanes, and those they had were too small.

Further, they had suddenly and astoundingly to envisage a two-ocean navy. This necessity dawned as the Nazis drove the British Army and Air Fleet out of France, and menaced the British with encirclement in their own sea zone. America suddenly perceived that for security all these years she had depended on the British Navy. This fact was driven home as the Japanese took a sudden stride towards totalitarianism, inaugurated a stronger foreign policy, stepped up naval building with the sky as the limit and provided the U.S. State and Navy Departments with the nightmare of Japanese naval, military and economic domination of the whole east Asiatic coast, and the belt of islands down to Australia.

The Americans saw themselves in danger of being cut off from the markets of Europe and Asia, and the tin and rubber of the Netherlands Indies. They saw themselves forced to fight in two oceans, one 3,000 and the other 7,000 miles wide. They saw their potential enemies no longer far away across the ocean moats, but moving abruptly close, occupying strategic naval bases formerly owned by France and Britain, friendly powers, and establishing themselves, through Fifth Column and economic and political penetration, in the southern half of the American Continent. The disturbance in American minds can be measured by a proposal, by the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations (*Continued on page 74*)



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Committee, that Britain ought to send her fleet immediately to America. Very nice—for America!

The American Army had suffered from the ocean impassable-moat illusion, an American pacifism more profound than British pre-war pacifism, and the notion that war is so unpopular and uneconomic that no Great Power government would be fool enough to start one anyway. This American Army, to safeguard 130,000,000 Americans living in a country 3,000,000 square miles big, not to mention a considerable overseas empire containing a million people, numbered precisely 244,000 officers and men. Add the National Guard of 243,000 and the Reserve of 147,000, officers and men, and you get a total of 634,000.

This wasn't the worst of it. The Chief of Staff, General Marshall, disclosed that actually the number of men trained and ready to fight was only 70,000, while the number of seasoned regulars available in the continental United States amounted to a mere 42,500. Where were the rest? They were on guard and garrison duty in America's overseas possessions. Thirty thousand, with 500 planes, were on duty in the Panama Canal zone.

This did not exhaust the bad news. For seven years every army has been busy mechanising itself—except the American Army. The U.S. Army had only one mechanised brigade, and its weapons and organisation were obsolete.

Why?

Well, why were not the much more closely menaced British and French Army staffs, and Governments, ready for the Nazi armoured divisions and General Udet's parachute troops? Why hadn't they provided themselves with the anti-tank guns to stop the Nazi tanks? Why hadn't they devoted the time, brains, money, to measures to meet the Nazi Army on equal terms in tank - infantry - aircraft co - operation? Why—everything that has bewildered and puzzled the British citizenry, right down to an aluminium situation which obliges Lord Beaverbrook to call for household pots and pans, in the tenth month of the war, and to admit that aircraft production here is still "severely restricted."

It's the old story. The business men and bankers, and their representatives in political power, did not believe, or want to admit, that Hitler meant to fight; or, if he did mean to fight, that he would fight before 1942 or 1945. Consequently, it was not necessary to stop doing business as usual in order to arm. As for doing any of the Spartan things the Germans had been doing for years—what rubbish! Churchill's warnings? He was a pessimist, and besides, he had a political axe to grind. . . .

Professional warriors, some diplomats, intelligence service men, newspaper correspondents, especially American correspondents, wore out their pen hands and larynxes warning peoples publicly, and politicians privately. It didn't work. In America, people and politicians were wrapped up in domestic recovery problems, and social reform and social security projects. There were billions of dollars for relief, housing, social insurance and the like; none for those unpopular things which brought the face of war close, guns and gas masks, tanks and torpedoes.

So the American people learnt that their army, small as it was, was short of all weapons except rifles, and all equipment right down to blankets. The army had just 507 tanks, 288 anti-tank guns and three 60 m.m. mortars, 1,014 anti-aircraft machine guns and fifteen 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns, and no 90 mm. anti-aircraft guns at all. It had 141 modernised "seventy-fives," 319 large and 86 modernised small machine guns, and 485 scout cars. As it stood at June, 1940, one Nazi heavy and one light division could have outshot and carved up the whole American Army.

It had somewhat earlier been found that the defences of the Panama Canal had not been overhauled since the engineers, twenty years ago, worked to the threat of planes, flying at under 100 miles an hour, and trying

Uncle Sam Girds His Loins

to hit the big ditch with half a ton of bombs from 5,000 feet. The threat had jumped to planes dropping two to five tons of bombs, from 25,000 feet, or in a dive attack, at speeds up to 350 miles an hour: this happening before a declaration of war. Hurriedly £5,500,000 was appropriated to put the lock operating machinery deep under earth and concrete. The Americans don't want to wake up one morning and find that they have been deprived of the defence of their big fleet in one ocean, across which an attack is coming, because the Panama Canal has been bombed dry while the fleet was in the wrong ocean.

And now the Americans have to attend to all this. It will be a vast and complex job, causing probably more headaches than British rearmament has caused here. For a start they are spending six billion dollars. It looks a lot, but is about a billion dollars short of the cost of those 50,000 warplanes alone, and under a third of what the war is costing Britain this year. President Roosevelt promises that the money will be translated into factory production in six months, against the thirteen months that elapsed in the last war between money appropriations and factory output. In that last war the Americans did not manage to get a single warplane produced in time for use in France.

The little army, standing, reserve and guards, is to be increased by 187,000 officers and men to 821,000 by 1942. The regular army will number 390,000 against 244,000 to-day. This army will have its present scanty supply of weapons enlarged: 37 mm. anti-aircraft guns from 15 to 1,423, anti-aircraft machine guns from 1,014 to 2,376, anti-tank guns from 288 to 1,348, mortars from 3 to 3,756, "seventy-fives" from 141 to 1,439, heavy machine guns from 319 to 1,818 and light from 86 to 7,450, tanks from 507 to 1,136, and scout cars from 485 to 1,346.

In those increases you can read the present inadequacy of weapons. The increases are terrific, although the army is being enlarged only thirty per cent.

The navy personnel is being increased by 39,630 to a total of 396,630 officers and men, and the fleet by 1942 will be larger by 2 battleships, an aircraft carrier, 2 cruisers, 28 destroyers, and 9 submarines. By 1947 the Americans will have 25 battleships against 15 now, 11 aircraft carriers against 5, 58 cruisers against 35, 297 destroyers against 219, and 142 submarines against 95.

And they are going to need all those warcraft, and more, if the Nazis defeat England, and, with their heavily armed allies, spread themselves over the British, French and Dutch possessions in the Caribbean, the vital Portuguese islands lying between the Bermudas and Lisbon, and occupy Greenland, which belongs to the Nazi protectorate, Denmark.

The navy has 2,150 planes. By 1942 this air fleet will be 5,500, and by 1947, 10,000. The army's 2,800 planes will have grown to 11,000 by 1942. But this may turn out to be a race with time.

In this war production business, money votes and raw materials are far from the whole story. The British, with immense money and limitless raw material resources, and the world's largest empire, have been finding that out. When it came to war, they could not match the Germans, equipped warrior for equipped warrior, weapon for weapon, machine for machine, tank for tank, gun for gun, plane for plane.

The British had not been organising for total war; and the Germans had. The Americans are now entering a race, and tackling a problem, that the Germans got down to in 1933. It is not even a matter of building factories. Machines have to be constructed to make the parts of other machines, an orderly flow of materials from mine to factory has to be organised, labour has to be trained (the Americans plan to start a million youths training in semi-military techniques), and skilled labour put where it is needed. Above all, machine tools have to be secured.

Machine tools, the machines that make machines, are made by highly trained workmen, specialist machinists who have developed the judgment that comes of long experience. When the machines they make, automatic lathes, precision grinders, iron planers, milling machines, and the like, are installed in mass production plants, unskilled and semi-skilled men and women can be trained in a few days to feed and tend the machines. With 50,000 automatic and semi-automatic machines, made by these key workers, America's biggest mass production plant can turn out two million automobiles a year, or thrice that number if the plant is worked all round the clock. That is going to mean a lot in tank and aero engine production, once the Americans can turn over fully to maximum war production.

The Germans solved their large-scale war production problem by nourishing their machine tool industry.

Now the Americans will probably want all the machine tools they can get for their own big war production. The industry is not in very good shape, nor adequately supplied with skilled workers. Seven years of the New Deal, hostile to business, discouraging to capital investment, failing to bring about recovery, has damaged American industry. Industry has not expanded, and has been making do with old equipment. Few big enterprises have been earning enough to provide themselves with up-to-date equipment. But the new national necessities may get this situation "ironed out," provided the British can hold the fort while the Americans get their teeth into these obstinate problems, which are far more political than technical.

All this new armament of Uncle Sam's is intended to keep the totalitarians, and war, out of the Western Hemisphere. None of it is currently intended to go into any of the wars raging in Europe, Asia and Africa. But who knows what may happend in the unpredictable future? Some of the most vociferous isolationists have turned right round. More and more Americans realise that America is isolated already, and that if Britain goes down, the United States, last of the democracies, will be isolated absolutely and completely on the globe.

The German overtures that succeeded with the British "appeasers," pledges (subsequently broken) for Anglo-German co-operation and general pacification, are being made now to influential Americans. "Why arm?" ask the Nazi propagandists. "All we want is Europe, and you can have the Western Hemisphere. Trade between us will be huge and lucrative."

This appeal to some American oligarchs, especially those who prefer the oligarchial system of government, and fear that democracy in America is moving towards collectivism and Communism. But this is a small element. The popular writers, and two-thirds of Americans, are anti-Nazi. Roosevelt and most other informed groups know that this is a death struggle between oligarchy and democracy. It has happened before. One sees the general pattern in the wars between Rome and Carthage, and the conflict between Athens and Sparta.

If Hitler can achieve a complete victory, it may not be necessary for him to attack America. He may be able to make an economic dependency of that republic, forcing it through internal stresses, bribery, Fifth-Column work, and propaganda, to change to a totalitarian type of government, and eventually come into the German world empire as one of its self-governing dominions. He may help America against Japan, instead of attacking America in company with Japan: then split with America the great Asiatic markets Japan aspires to dominate.

Most informed American groups know that if Hitler can achieve complete victory in this war, he will divide the world into four vast trading areas. First will be Nazi-controlled Europe, a gigantic economic union containing 400,000,000 people, with Britain as a commercial appendage, and Berlin managing and dominating the whole through financial and economic machinery in the Reich capital. Next, the Asiatic zone, with 450,000,000 yellow men, living in largely undeveloped territory, under hunger-line conditions capable of immense improvement, with resultant benefit to the highly industrialised group. Third, the Soviet Union—which the Nazis regard as a self-governing dominion in their empire of tomorrow (or even of today)—with 200,000,000 people when its boundaries are finally settled, and also capable of tremendous development under German organisers. And fourth, the United States and Canada, technically the most advanced today, but not tomorrow, if the Nazis manage to consolidate and get their colossal new empire organised and functioning—even now Hitler controls a steel output of 50,000,000 tons, against the British 14,000,000 tons, and the American 70,000,000.

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A recent decision by newspaper and magazine proprietors throughout the country is now in force, owing to which no periodicals can now be offered for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each month.

The Americans are a pacifist people: but they are also enormously energetic, enterprising, combative, and ruthless. There are broad streaks of brutality in their civilisation. The energy they have devoted to subduing Nature and organising their gigantic machine civilisation—from which the industriously imitative Nazis have borrowed from for war production—could be turned into aggressive and destructive war channels.

The Nazi propagandists may forget what the Prussian generals remember: that the cult of war "frightfulness," the cold, deliberate use of destruction and terror as a psychological extra weapon to shorten military processes and speed a decision, is an old American Civil War and not a new Nazi-war custom. Sherman pioneered the terroristic technique that the Nazis pursued with new and superior war implements in Poland.

My guess is that if the Americans once swung full weight, and full-armed against the Nazis, they would not start by peppering German cities with pamphlets, nor would they be likely to wait for the enemy to spring surprises on them. They might attempt things which would provoke louder yells of protest from the Nazis than any yet heard from the victims of totalitarian war techniques.

But all this lies in the future—a future whose first stage will not be reached until 1942. By then, many things may have happened. The Americans may have turned full stretch and joined the British in this struggle to prevent Nazi Germany from dominating the world by force and terror, and pressing mankind into the totalitarian mould. Britain may have withstood enormous air, submarine and surface offensives, and made fierce sallies against the enemy in his European bases. London may look like Helsinki after its baptism of aerial fire, and Hitler's Berlin, his Chancellery and all his new Nazi architecture, may resemble 'Frisco after the great 'quake. The British may have made their peace with their old ally, Japan. Stalin, who has been so busy slamming the backdoors into the Red empire, may have turned on Hitler, or may be needing all his resources to deal with a new menace to his maritime provinces and Mongolian hinterland. The strategic centre of the British Empire may have shifted to Canada. Europe may be in the grip of famine and pestilence.

Or Hitler may be dead.

The latter event would certainly relieve America from the biggest and most complex job she has ever undertaken, in a time of greater peril than any that Americans have faced since they became, by force of their own arms, a free people.

END

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It Has All Happened Before

(*Continued from page 17*)

Bazaine, trying to combine the duties of soldier and politician, had surrendered Metz. But for the most part they were kept in lamentable ignorance by the authorities. Food was already scarce by the seventh week. All the animals in the Zoological Gardens had been killed except the monkeys. The British Embassy had three sheep hidden in its cellars, although the British Ambassador had fled with other of the British diplomatic corps who should have been at their posts. Many British trapped to-day in France may echo the feeling of contempt which Labouchère felt for these consuls and attaches. "Diplomats are little better than old women when they have to act on an emergency . . . were it not for the American Ambassador, who was brought up in the rough and ready life of the Far West (instead of serving their apprenticeship in courts and government offices), those who are still here would be perfectly helpless," he wrote to his *Daily News* in London.

Yet, to the ordinary Parisian, life was not yet intolerable. There was bread and there was wine. Many men went straight from their offices to their night's work on the ramparts. There was music and there were the cafés. There was a regular balloon and pigeon service. Pigeons on one day brought in 1,100 private telegrams. "The whole of the French Governmental literature appears to be very badly looked after," reported a London correspondent, "the decrees and orders are ambiguous and confused. Nearly all require an explanation three or four times their own original length—one thing certain after this war is that worship of the capital will be destroyed. The provinces are learning that they can live without Paris." That was a bad piece of prophecy.

THE siege moved on towards Christmas. There was an intense blackout which caused many deaths, and great inconvenience. The gas supply had long given out. Parisians tried to be cheerful as New Year approached on a meat diet of cat, rat, donkey, peacock, pelican, camel and wolf. Two Englishmen sat down to a Christmas dinner of crow and dahlia root. Two days later one went through the agony of entertaining his friends to his five-months-old pet dog. He said it was very like mutton. Yet there was still plenty of food hidden away in private houses, the owners of which were wisely looking some months ahead before touching their hoards.

The weather had turned bitterly cold, as only Paris can be cold, with a piercing north wind and atmosphere of penetrating damp. Scores of soldiers and civilians were frozen to death. There were complaints against the undertakers ramp; their prices were getting so high that the poor were complaining that it was impossible for them even to die.

Lack of fuel was closing the laundries, so that few people had clean linen. There were plenty of things on sale in the thousands of shops—but not of things to eat. The bulletins of bombardments in the suburbs have a strangely familiar ring about them. "More than 3,000 shells were fired, but little damage was done—there were some casualties."

Labouchère observes that the newspapers seemed to be under the impression that Paris ought to rejoice over such bombardments as they "proved" that the Prussians had given up in despair the idea of starving the city into surrender. Oh, these wartime "proofs"!

Bombardment on a large scale was haunting most minds as the New Year came. Would the German hesitate to bomb the heart of the city to ruins? If he did not, then when would the terror start? Every one was getting more uneasy as the noise of explosions came closer. The *Journal* tried to cheer up its readers by culinary advice to sewer-gourmets: "Take a long, strong line and a large hook, bait with tallow and gently agitate the rod. It will be some time before the rat will come and smell the savoury morsel, or even swallow it, his nature being cunning. When he starts to eat, give him five minutes; then pull strongly and steadily. He will make convulsive jumps. But be calm and do not let the excitement gain on you. Draw him steadily up—*et voilà! votre dîner.*"

There was no rationing and little enough to ration. If the brick-like bread were rationed, thought the authorities—swearing never, never to ration it—resistance would crumple. The question of rents was dealt with by suspending all judicial proceedings by landlords.

A GERMAN paper which found its way into Paris said the bombardment would begin when the psychological moment arrived. Frenchmen were intensely indignant at the phrase; they considered it altogether too cold-blooded.

No one happened to call it "total war" but that is exactly what it was when the bombardment began in earnest on January 7. "About ten people are hit every twenty-four hours," wrote an English reporter. "As over fifty die of bronchitis in Paris every day this is not too terrifying. It is not worse to die by bomb than of a cold; yet a person suddenly struck down by a piece of flying iron will always produce a startling effect." By January 15 the total civilian casualties had risen to fifty-one killed—with the usual high percentage of schoolchildren.

The noise of the guns was almost continuous by day and night. Buses warned passengers that they might have to make detours from *cause de bombardment.*

By January 16 the casualty list was up into the thousands. The Government propagandists issued stories of tempting dainties that would be showered from secret stores upon the starving people when the corner was turned. The Government had no doubt of victory; its optimism grew more violent as the fury of the bombardment increased. General Trochu rode about crying to the soldiers: "Courage, my children, the moment is coming." Labouchère reported that nobody seemed to know just what moment he referred to. Then, on the nineteenth, bread was rationed, and the French soldiers issued forth to do battle with the Prussians before Versailles.

PEOPLE began to call each other traitors; every one seemed to be a traitor, the higher up he was, the greater the traitor. "In France," wrote the indefatigable Labouchère, "every one who is not a victor is now a traitor." General Vinoy (aged seventy-one) replaced General Trochu as man-in-charge. By January 31 it was all over and Paris had fallen. There was to be an armistice, but the terms were not revealed to the people. Labouchère sighed with relief and said he would be glad to escape for a time from a people who did not dwell quite so much upon their own "honour" and their "sublime attitude."

Soon France was to be in the hands of two governments, neither recognising the other, of course; there was the Commune and the Government of Versailles. The public denouncing of all leaders by other leaders as traitors grew to astounding proportions.

. . . it has all happened before.

END

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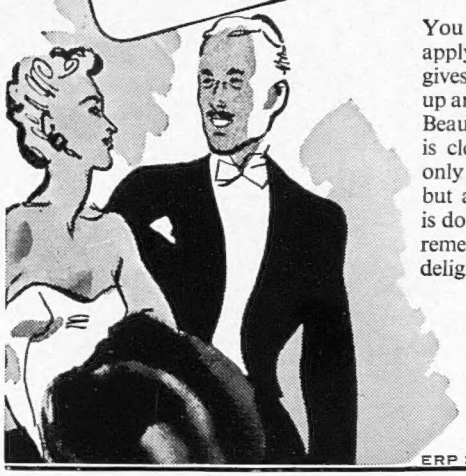

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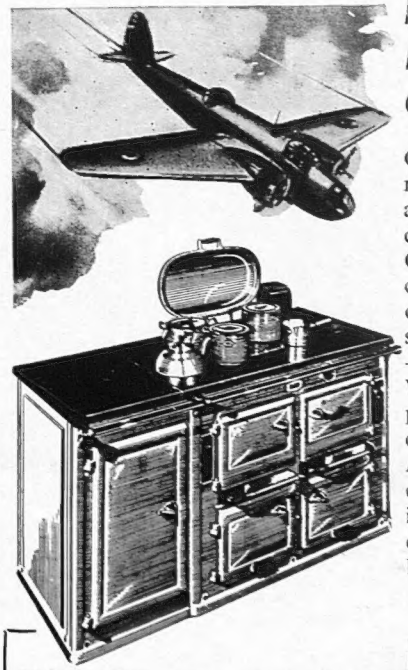

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